

BELL's  
CLASSICAL ARRANGEMENT  
OF  
FUGITIVE POETRY.

VOL. XI.

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Though redolent of ev'ry flow'r  
That once perfum'd Hymettus' side,  
No hoarded sweets of Grecian store  
Did e'er the Attic bee provide,  
That could a purer flavor yield,  
Than yields the comb this hive contains,  
Though cull'd from no Hesperian field,  
But the wild growth of Britain's plains.

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POEMS

*IMITATIVE OF SPENSER.*

*AND, IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.*

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POEMS  
THE IMPERATIVE OF REVERENCE  
AND IN THE MANNER OF REVERENCE

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### POEMS

#### *IMITATIVE OF SPENSER.*

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### POEMS

#### *IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.*

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POEMS  
*IMITATIVE OF SPENSER.*

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POEM I.

---

THE  
*PROGRESS OF ENVY.*

---

Occasioned by  
LAUDER'S ATTACK ON THE CHARACTER OF MILTON.

*BY ROBERT LLOYD, M. A.*

---

Odium bonorum sede me infausta extrahit  
Dios scelesti mente versantem dolos.

Grotii Aadamus Exsul.

---

I.

AH me! unhappy state of mortal Wight,  
Sith ENVY's sure attendant upon fame,  
Ne doth she rest from rancorous despight,  
Until she works him mickle woe and shame;  
Unhappy he whom ENVY thus doth spoil,  
Ne doth she check her ever-restless hate,  
Until she doth his reputation foil:  
Ah! luckless Imp is he, whose worth elate,  
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

## II.

There stood an ancient Mount, yclept *Parnass*,  
(The fair domain of sacred Poesy)  
Which, with fresh odors ever-blooming, was  
Besprinkled with the dew of *Castaly* ;  
Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring glides,  
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant soil,  
Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,  
Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,  
Dame NATURE's handy-work, not form'd by lab'ring  
toil.

## III.

The MUSES fair these peaceful shades among,  
With skilful fingers sweep the trembling strings ;  
The air in silence listens to the song,  
And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings :  
Pale visag'd CARE, with foul unhallow'd feet,  
Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,  
Ne can the Hag arrive the blissful seat ;  
Her unavailing strength is spent in vain,  
CONTENT sits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

## IV.

Oft PHOEBUS self left his divine abode,  
And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,  
Regardless of his state, lay'd by the God,  
And own'd sweet music's more alluring pow'r.



On either side was plac'd a peerless Wight,  
Whose Merit long had fill'd the Trump of FAME ;  
This FANCY's darling Child was SPENSER hight,  
Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of *Tame*,  
That no less fam'd than He, and MILTON was his  
name.

## V.

In these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm ;  
Now harmless talk, now emulously sing ;  
While VIRTUE, pouring round her sacred balm,  
Makes happiness eternal as the spring.  
Alternately they sung ; now SPENSER 'gan,  
Of jousts and tournaments, and champions strong ;  
Now MILTON sung of disobedient Man,  
And *Eden* lost : The Bards around them throng,  
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their Prince's song.

## VI.

Not far from these, Dan CHAUCER, antient Wight,  
A lofty seat on Mount *Parnassus* held,  
Who long had been the MUSE's chief delight ;  
His reverend locks were silver'd over with eld ;  
Grave was his visage, and his habit plain ;  
And while he sung, fair Nature he display'd,  
In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain,  
Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,  
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

## VII.

Next SHAKSPERE sat, irregularly great,  
And in his Hand a magic rod did hold,  
Which visionary beings did create,  
And turn'd the foulest dross to purest gold :  
Whatever Spirits rove in earth or air,  
Or bad or good, obey his dread command ;  
To his behests these willingly repair,  
Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,  
The which not all their pow'rs united might with-  
stand.

## VIII.

Beside the Bard there stood a beauteous Maid,  
Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyen ;  
Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd.  
FANCY her name, ysprong of race divine,  
Her Mantle wimpled low, her silken hair,  
Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders  
stray'd,  
“ She made a net to catch the wanton air,”  
Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd,  
And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly  
Maid.

## IX.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air  
A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r :

She wav'd it round : eftsoons there did appear  
Spirits and Witches, forms unknown before :  
Again she lifts her wonder-working wand ;  
Eftsoons upon the flow'ry plain was seen  
The gay Inhabitants of *Fairie Land*,  
And blithe attendants upon MAB their Queen,  
In mystic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

## X.

On th' other side stood NATURE, Goddess fair ;  
A Matron seem'd she, and of manners staid ;  
Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,  
In loose attire of purest white array'd :  
A potent rod she bore, whose power was such,  
(As from her Darling's works may well be shown)  
That often with its soul-enchancing touch,  
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,  
And each man's passions made subservient to her  
own.

## XI.

But lo ! thick fogs from out the earth arise,  
And murky mists the buxom air invade,  
Which with contagion dire infect the skies,  
And all around their baleful influence shed ;  
Th' infected sky, which whilom was so fair,  
With thick Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread ;  
The Sun, which whilom shone without compare,

Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,  
And fore the time sore-grieving, seeks his wat'ry bed.

## XII.

ENVY, the Daughter of fell *Acheron*,  
(The flood of deadly hate and gloomy Night)  
Had left precipitate her *Stygian* throne,  
And thro' the frightened heavens wing'd her flight :  
With careful eye each realm she did explore,  
Ne mote she ought of happiness observe ;  
For happiness, alas ! was now no more,  
Sith ev'ry one from Virtue's paths did swerve,  
And trample on Religion base designs to serve.

## XIII.

At length, on blest *Parnassus* seated high,  
Their temples circled with a laurel crown,  
SPENSER and MILTON met her scowling eye,  
And turn'd her horrid grin unto a frown.  
Full fast unto her sister did she post,  
There to unload the venom of her breast,  
To tell how all her happiness was crost,  
Sith others were of happiness possest :  
Did never gloomy Hell send forth like ugly pest.

## XIV.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,  
When fun'ral cypress star-proof branches spread,

O'ergrown with tangling briers a cavern stood ;  
Fit place for Melancholy dreary-head.  
Here a deformed Monster joy'd to won,  
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,  
All from the rising to the setting Sun,  
Her heart pursued spite with black Intent,  
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

## XV.

In flowing sable stole she was yclad,  
Which with her countenance did well accord ;  
Forth from her mouth, like one thro' grief gone  
mad,  
A frothy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd ;  
A ghastly grin and eyes asquint, display  
The Rancor which her hellish Thoughts contain,  
And how, when Man is blest, she pines away,  
Burning to turn his happiness to pain ;  
MALICE the Monster's name, a foe to God and Man.

## XVI.

Along the floor black loathsome toads do crawl,  
Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,  
Which ever and anon they spit at all  
Whom hapless Fortune leads too near her den ;  
Around her waist, in place of silken zone,  
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,  
Who no distinction made 'twixt friend and foen,  
But Death on ev'ry side fierce brandished,  
Fly, reckless Mortals fly, in vain is Hardy-head.



## XVII.

Impatient ENVY, thro' the aetherial Waste,  
With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,  
Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste,  
Enshrouded in a darksome veil of night.  
Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,  
And fell destruction sparkled in her look,  
Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,  
A while contending passions utt'rance choke,  
At length the Fiend in furious tone her silence broke.

## XVIII.

Sister, arise : See how our pow'r decays,  
No more our empire thou and I can boast,  
Sith mortal Man now gains immortal praise,  
Sith Man is blest, and thou and I are lost :  
See in what state *Parnassus'* hill appears ;  
See PHOEBUS' self two happy Bards atween ;  
See how the God their song attentive hears ;  
This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween,  
Who can behold unmov'd sike heart-tormenting  
scene ?

## XIX.

Sister, arise ; ne let our courage droop,  
Perforce we will compel these Mortals own,  
That mortal force unto our force shall stoop ;  
ENVY and MALICE then shall reign alone :  
Thou best has known to file thy tongue with lies,



And to deceive Mankind with specious bait ;  
Like TRUTH accoutred, spreadest forgeries,  
The fountain of contention and of hate :  
Arise, unite with me, and be as whilom great.

## XX.

The Fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—  
Tremble, ye Bards, within that blissful seat ;  
MALICE and ENVY shall o'ethrow your joys,  
Nor PHOEBUS self shall our designs defeat.  
Shall we, who under friendship's feigned veil,  
Prompted the bold Archangel to rebel ;  
Shall we, who under show of sacred zeal,  
Plung'd half the Pow'rs of Heaven in lowest Hell—  
Such vile disgrace of us no mortal Man shall tell.

## XXI.

And now, more hideous render'd to the sight,  
By reason of her raging cruelty,  
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,  
And find fit engine for her forgery.  
Her eyes inflam'd did cast their rays askance,  
While hellish Imps prepare the Monster's car,  
In which she might cut thro' the wide expanse,  
And find out Nations that extended far,  
When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright  
Star.

## XXII.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,  
And each fell serpent had a double tongue,  
Which ever and anon spit flaming fire,  
The regions of the tainted air among;  
A lofty seat the Sister-monsters bore,  
In deadly machinations close combin'd,  
Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,  
And cruel DISCORD follow'd fast behind;  
God help the Man 'gainst whom such caitiff Foes are  
join'd.

## XXIII.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,  
While thunder harshly grates upon its wheels;  
Black pointed spires of smoke around them rise,  
The air depress'd unusual burthen feels;  
Detested sight! In terrible array,  
They spur their fiery dragons on amain,  
Ne mote their anger suffer cold delay,  
Until the wish'd-for region they obtain,  
And land their dingy car on *Caledonian* plain.

## XXIV.

Here elder Son of MALICE long had dwelt,  
A Wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;  
His fame on double falsities was built:  
(Ah! worthless Son, of worthless parent born!)

Under the shew of semblance fair he veil'd  
The black intentions of his hellish breast ;  
And by these guileful means he more prevail'd  
Than had he open enmity profest :  
The wolf more safely wounds when in sheep's cloath-  
ing drest.

## XXV.

Him then themselves atween they joyful place,  
(Sure signs of woe when such are pleas'd, alas !)  
Then measure back the Air with swifter pace,  
Until they reach the foot of Mount *Parnass*.  
Hither in evil hour the Monsters came,  
And with their new companion did alight,  
Who long had lost all sense of virtuous shame,  
Beholding worth with poisonous despight ;  
On his success depends their impious delight.

## XXVI.

Long burnt he sore the summit to obtain,  
And spread his venom o'er the blissful seat ;  
Long burnt he sore, but still he burnt in vain ;  
Mote none come then, who come with impious feet.  
At length, at unawares he out doth spit  
That spite, which else had to himself been bane ;  
The venom on the breast of *Milton* lit,  
And spread benumbing death thro' every vein ;  
The Bard, of life bereft, fell senseless on the plain.

## XXVII.

As at the banquet of *Thyestes* old,  
The Sun is said t'have shut his radiant eye,  
So did he now thro' grief his beams with-hold,  
And darkness to be felt o'erwhelm'd the sky ;  
Forth issued from their dismal dark abodes  
The birds attendant upon hideous Night,  
Shriek-owls and Ravens, whose fell croaking bodes  
Approaching death to miserable wight :  
Did never mind of man behold sike dreadful sight ?

## XXVIII.

APOLLO wails his Darling, done to die  
By foul attempt of ENVY's fatal bane ;  
The MUSES sprinkle him with dew of *Castally*,  
And crown his death with many a living strain ;  
Hoary PARNASSUS beats his aged breast,  
Aged, yet ne'er before did sorrow know ;  
The flowers drooping their despair attest,  
Th' aggrieved rivers querulously flow ;  
All Nature sudden groan'd with sympathetic woe.

## XXIX.

But, lo ! the sky a gayer livery wears,  
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,  
And now the cloak of darkness disappears,  
(May darkness ever thus to light give place !)  
Erst griev'd APOLLO jocund looks resumes,

---

The Nine renew their whilom chearful song,  
No grief PARNASSUS' aged breast consumes,  
Forth from the teeming earth new flowers sprong,  
The plenteous Rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

## XXX.

The stricken Bard fresh vital heat renews,  
Whose blood, erst stagnate, rushes thro' his veins;  
Life thro' each pore her spirit doth infuse,  
And FAME, by MALICE inexpulsive, reigns:  
And see, a female form, all heav'nly bright,  
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,  
A female form, yclad in snowy white,  
Ne half so fair at distance seems as nigh;  
DOUGLAS and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAUDER  
die.

---



## POEM II.

---

### THE HOUSE OF SUPERSTITION. A VISION.

---

BY THOMAS DENTON, M. A.

---

#### I.

WHEN Sleep's all-soothing hand with fetters soft  
Ties down each sense, and lulls to balmy rest,  
The internal pow'r, creative fancy, oft  
Broods o'er her treasures in the formful breast.  
Thus when no longer daily cares engage,  
The busy mind pursues the darling theme ;  
Hence angels whisper'd to the slumb'ring sage,  
And gods of old inspir'd the hero's dream ;  
Hence as I slept, these images arose  
To fancy's eye, and join'd this fairy scene compose.

#### II.

As, when fair morning tries her pearly tears,  
The mountain lifts o'er mists its lofty head ;  
Thus new to sight a Gothic dome appears  
With the grey rust of rolling years o'erspread.



Here Superstition holds her dreary reign,  
And her lip-labor'd orisons she plies  
In tongue unknown, when morn bedews the plain,  
Or ev'ning skirts with gold the western skies;  
To the dumb stock she bends, or sculptur'd wall,  
And many a cross she makes, and many a bead lets  
fall.

## III.

Near to the dome a magic pair reside,  
Prompt to deceive, and practis'd to confound;  
Here hoodwinkt Ignorance is seen to bide,  
Stretching in darksome cave along the ground.  
No object e'er awakes his stupid eyes,  
Nor voice articulate arrests his ears,  
Save when beneath the moon pale spectres rise,  
And haunt his soul with visionary fears;  
Or when hoarse winds incavern'd murmur round,  
And babbling echo wakes, and iterates the sound.

## IV.

Where boughs entwining form an artful shade,  
And in faint glimm'rings just admit the light,  
There Error sits in borrow'd white array'd,  
And in Truth's form deceives the transient sight.  
A thousand glories wait her op'ning day,  
Here beaming lustre when fair Truth imparts;  
Thus Error would pour forth a spurious ray,  
And cheat th' unpractis'd mind with mimic arts;

She cleaves with magic wand the liquid skies,  
Bids airy forms appear, and scenes fantastic rise.

## V.

A porter deaf, decrepid, old, and blind  
Sits at the gate, and lifts a lib'ral bowl  
With wine of wond'rous pow'r to lull the mind,  
And check each vig'rous effort of the soul :  
Whoe'er unwares shall ply his thirsty lip,  
And drink in gulps the luscious liquor down,  
Shall hapless from the cup delusion sip,  
And objects see in features not their own ;  
Each way-worn traveller that hither came,  
He lav'd with copious draughts, and Prejudice his  
name.

## VI.

Within a various race are seen to wonne,  
Props of her age, and pillars of her state,  
Which erst were nurtur'd by the wither'd crone,  
And born to Tyranny, her grisly mate :  
The first appear'd in pomp of purple pride,  
With triple crown erect, and throned high ;  
Two golden keys hang dangling by his side  
To lock or ope the portals of the sky ;  
Crouching and prostrate there (ah! sight unmeet!)  
The crowned head would bow, and lick his dusty feet.

## VII.

With bended arm he on a book reclin'd  
Fast lock'd with iron clasps from vulgar eyes ;  
Heav'n's gracious gift to light the wand'ring mind,  
To lift fall'n man, and guide him to the skies !  
A man no more, a god he would be thought,  
And 'mazed mortals blindly must obey,  
With slight of hand he lying wonders wrought,  
And near him loathsome heaps of reliques lay :  
Strange legends would he read, and figments dire  
Of Limbus' prison'd shades, and purgatory fire.

## VIII.

There meagre Penance sat, in sackcloth clad,  
And to his breast close hugg'd the viper, sin,  
Yet oft with brandish'd whip would gaul, as mad,  
With voluntary stripes his shrivel'd skin.  
Counting large heaps of o'er abounding good  
Of saints that dy'd within the church's pale,  
With gentler aspect there indulgence stood,  
And to the needy culprit would retail ;  
There too, strange merchandize ! he pardons sold,  
And treason would absolve, and murder purge with  
gold.

## IX.

With shaven crown in a sequester'd cell  
A lazy lubbard there was seen to lay ;

No work had he, save some few beads to tell,  
And indolently snore the hours away.  
The nameless joys that bless the nuptial bed,  
The mystic rites of Hymen's hallow'd tye  
Impure he deems, and from them starts with  
dread,  
As crimes of foulest stain the deepest dye :  
No social hopes hath he, no social fears,  
But spends in lethargy devout the ling'ring years.

## X.

Gnashing his teeth in mood of furious ire  
Fierce Persecution sat, and with strong breath  
Wakes into living flame large heaps of fire,  
And feasts on murders, massacres, and death.  
Near him was plac'd Procrustes' iron bed  
To stretch or mangle to a certain size ;  
To see their writhing pains each heart must bleed,  
To hear their doleful shrieks and piercing cries ;  
Yet he beholds them with unmoistened eye,  
Their writhing pains his sport, their moans his melody.

## XI.

A gradual light diffusing o'er the gloom,  
And slow approaching with majestic pace,  
A lovely maid appears in beauty's bloom,  
With native charms and unaffected grace :

Her hand a clear reflecting mirrour shows,  
In which all objects their true features wear,  
And on her cheek a blush indignant glows  
To see the horrid sorc'ries practis'd there ;  
She snatch'd the volume from the tyrant's rage,  
Unlock'd its iron clasps, and op'd the heav'nly page.

## XII.

" My name is Truth, and you, each holy seer,  
That all my steps with ardent gaze pursue,  
Unveil, she said, the sacred myst'ries here,  
Give the celestial boon to public view,  
Tho' blatant Obloquy with lep'rous mouth  
Shall blot your fame, and blast the generous  
deed,  
Yet in revolving years some lib'ral youth  
Shall crown your virtuous act with glory's meed,  
Your names adorn'd in Gilpin's polish'd page,  
With each historic grace, shall shine thro' ev'ry  
age.

## XIII.

" With furious hate tho' fierce relentless pow'r  
Exert of torment all her horrid skill ;  
Tho' your lives meet too soon the fatal hour,  
Scorching in flames, or writhing on the wheel ;  
Yet when the dragon in the deep abyss  
Shall lie, fast bound in adamant chain,



---

Ye with the Lamb shall rise to ceaseless bliss,  
First-fruits of death, and partners of his reign;  
Then shall repay the momentary tear,  
The great sabbatic rest, the millenary year."

---



POEM III.

---

THE  
*EDUCATION OF ACHILLES.*

---

BY  
*THE REV. ROBERT BEDINGFIELD, M. A.*

---

I.

AH me ! is all our pleasure mix'd with woe ?  
Is there on earth no happiness sincere ?  
Must e'en this bitter stream of sorrow flow  
From joy's domestic spring, our children dear ?  
How oft did Thetis drop the silver tear,  
When with fond eyes she view'd her darling boy !  
How oft her breast heav'd with presaging fear,  
Lest vice's secret canker should annoy  
Fair virtue's op'ning bud, and all her hopes destroy !

II.

At length, so Nereus had her rightly taught,  
That doubtful cares might eat her heart no more,

Her imp in prattling infancy she brought  
To the fam'd Centaur, on mount Pelion hoar,  
Hight Chiron, whom to Saturn Phyl'ra bore ;  
Chiron, whose wisdom flourish'd 'bove his peers,  
In every goodly thew, and virtuous lore,  
To principle his yet untainted years ;  
The seed that's early sown, the fairest harvest bears.

## III.

Far in the covert of a bushy wood,  
Where aged trees their star-proof branches spread,  
A grott, with grey moss ever dropping stood ;  
Ne costly gems the sparkling roof display'd,  
Ne crystal squares the pavement rich inlaid,  
But o'er the pebbles, clear with glassy shine,  
A limpid stream in soothing murmurs stray'd,  
And all around the flow'ring eglantine  
Its balmy tendrils spread in many a wanton twine.

## IV.

A lowly habitation, well I ween,  
Yet sacred made by men of mickle fame,  
Who there in precepts wise had lesson'd been ;  
Chaste Peleus, consort of the sea-born dame,  
Sage Aesculape, who could the vital flame  
(Blest leach !) relumine by his healing skill :  
And Jason, who, his father's crown to claim,  
Descended dreadful from the craggy hill,  
And with his portance stern did false usurper thrill.

## V.

Fast by the cave a damsel was ypight,  
Afraid from earth her blushing looks to rear,  
Lest aught indecent should offend her sight ;  
Lest aught indecent should offend her ear ;  
Yet would she sometimes deign at sober chear  
Softly to smile, but ever held it shame  
The mirth of foul-mouth'd ribaldry to bear,  
A cautious nymph, and MODESTY her name.  
Ah! who but churlish carle would hurt so pure a  
dame ?

## VI.

With her sate TEMPERANCE, companion meet,  
Plucking from tree-en bough her simple food,  
And pointing to an urn beside her feet,  
Fill'd with the crystal of the wholesome flood :  
With her was seen, of grave and awful mood,  
Hoary FIDELITY, a matron staid ;  
And sweet BENEVOLENCE, who smiling stood,  
Whilst at her breast two fondling infants play'd,  
And turtles, billowing soft, coo'd through the echoing  
glade.

## VII.

On t'other side, of bold and open air,  
Was a fair personage hight EXERCISE ;  
Reclin'd he seem'd upon his rough boar-spear,  
As late surceas'd from hardy enterprize ;

(For Sloth inglorious did he aye despise)  
Fresh glow'd his cheek with health's vermillion  
dye,  
On his sleek brow the swelling sweat-drops rise,  
And oft around he darts his glowing eye  
To view his well-breath'd hounds, full jolly company.

## VIII.

Not far away was sage EXPERIENCE plac'd,  
With care-knit brow, fix'd looks, and sober plight,  
Who weighing well the present with the past,  
Of every accident could read aright.  
With him was rev'rend CONTEMPLATION pight,  
Bow-bent with eld, his beard of snowy hue,  
Yet age's hand mote not empare the sight,  
Still with sharp ken the eagle he'd pursue,  
As through the buxom air to heav'n's bright bow'rs  
she flew.

## IX.

Here the fond parent left her darling care,  
Yet softly breath'd a sigh as she withdrew ;  
Here the young hero, ev'n from tender year,  
Eftsoons imbib'd Instruction's hony'd dew,  
(For well to file his tongue, sage Chiron knew)  
And learnt to discipline his life aright ;  
To pay to pow'rs supreme a reverence due,

Chief to Saturnian Jove, whose dreaded might  
Wings thro' disparted clouds the bik'ring lightning's  
flight.

## X.

Aye was the stripling wont, ere morning fair  
Had rear'd o'er eastern waves her rosy tede,  
To grasp with tender hand the pointed spear,  
And beat the thicket where the boar's fell breed  
Enshrouded lay, or lion's tawny seed.  
Oft would great Dian, with her woody train,  
Stop in mid chace to wonder at his speed,  
Whilst up the hill's rough side she saw him strain,  
Or sweep with winged feet along the level plain.

## XI.

And when dun shades had blent the day's bright  
eye,  
Upon his shoulders, with slow stagg'ring pace,  
He brought the prey his hand had done to die,  
Whilst blood with dust besprent did foul disgrace  
The goodly features of his glowing face.  
When as the sage beheld on grassy soil  
Each panting corse, whilst life did well apace,  
The panther of his spotted pride he'd spoil,  
To deck his foster son : fit meed of daring toil.

## XII.

And ever and anon the godlike sire,  
To temper stern behests with pleasaunce gay,



Would touch (for well he could) the silver lyre ;  
So sweetly ravish'd each enchanting lay,  
That Pan, in scornful wise, would fling away  
His rustic pipe, and ev'n the sacred Train  
Would leave their lov'd Parnass' in trim array,  
And thought their own Apollo once again  
Charm'd his attentive flock, a simple shepherd  
swain.

## XIII.

And ever and anon of worthies old,  
Whose praise Fame's trump through earth's wide  
bounds had spread,  
To fire his mind to brave exploits, he told ;  
Pirithous, known for prowest hardy-head ;  
Theseus, whose wrath the dire Procrustes fled ;  
And Hercules, whom trembling Lerna fear'd,  
When Hydra fell, in loathsome marshes bred,  
In vain against the son of Jove uprear'd  
Head sprouting under head, by thrillant faulchion  
shear'd.

## XIV.

The stern-brow'd boy in mute attention stood,  
To hear the sage relate each great emprise ;  
Then strode along the cave in haughtier mood,  
Whilst varying passions in his bosom rise,  
And lightning beams flash from his glowing eyes.



Ev'n now he scorns the prey the desarts yield,  
Ev'n now, as hope the future scene supplies,  
He shakes the terror of his heav'n-form'd shield,  
And braves th' indignant flood, and thunders o'er  
the field.

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POEM IV.

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THE  
*CHOICE OF HERCULES.*

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BY  
*ROBERT LOWTH, D. D.*

[Late Bishop of London.]

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I.

Now had the son of Jove mature, attain'd  
The joyful prime : when Youth, elate and gay,  
Steps into life ; and follows unrestrain'd  
Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.  
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,  
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her poisonous  
    root ;  
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears  
By just degrees ; fair bloom, of fairest fruit :  
Summer shall ripen what the spring began ;  
Youth's generous fires will glow more constant in the  
    man.

II.

As on a day reflecting on his age  
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought  
Retirement ; nurse of contemplation sage ;

Step following step, and thought succeeding  
thought ;

Musing, with steady pace the youth pursu'd

His walk ; and lost in meditation stray'd

Far in a lonely vale, with solitude

Conversing ; while intent his mind survey'd

The dubious path of life : before him lay

Here Virtue's rough ascent, there Pleasure's flow'ry  
way.

### III.

Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind :

Now glow'd his breast with generous thirst of  
fame ;

Now love of ease to softer thought inclin'd

His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame.

When lo ! far off two female forms he spies ;

Direct to him their steps they seem to bear :

Both large and tall, exceeding human size ;

Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair,

Graceful, yet each with different grace they move :

This striking sacred awe ; that softer, winning love.

### IV.

The first, in native dignity surpast ;

Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more :

Health, o'er her looks, a genuine lustre cast ;

A vest, more white than new-fall'n snow, she wore,

August she trod, yet modest was her air ;

Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire,  
Still she drew near ; and nearer still more fair,  
More mild appear'd : yet such as might inspire  
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear ;  
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

## V.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue ;  
But bold her mien ; unguarded rov'd her eye :  
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view  
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.  
All soft and delicate, with airy swim  
Lightly she danc'd along ; her robe betray'd  
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,  
Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade ;  
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,  
Her stature shew'd more tall ; more snowy-white her  
skin.

## VI.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance ;  
Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw ;  
Then all around her cast a careless glance,  
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.  
As they came near, before that other maid  
Approaching decent, eagerly she prest  
With hasty step ; nor of repulse afraid,

The wond'ring youth with freedom bland address ;  
With winning fondness on his neck she hung ;  
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting  
tongue.

## VII.

“ Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay ?  
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy  
mind ?  
Securely follow, where I lead the way ;  
And range through wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.  
With me retire, from noise, and pain, and care,  
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease :  
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war ;  
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.  
With me retire, from toils and perils free ;  
Leave honor to the wretch ! Pleasures were made for  
thee.

## VIII.

“ Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire ;  
All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight :  
All that thy thought can frame, or wish require,]  
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight.  
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound ;  
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love :  
Rich odors, breathing choicest sweets around ;  
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove :



Fresh flowers, to strew thy couch, and crown thy  
head ;  
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy  
bed.

## IX.

“ These will I, freely, constantly supply ;  
Pleasures, not earn'd with toil, nor mixt with woe :  
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly ;  
Nor labor bathe in sweat thy careful brow.  
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine ;  
Let the strong hind subdue the stubborn soil :  
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win ;  
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil :  
These softer cares my blest allies employ,  
New pleasures to invent ; to wish, and to enjoy.”

## X.

The youth her winning voice attentive caught ;  
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid ;  
Still gaz'd, and listen'd : then her name besought :  
“ My name, fair youth, is Happiness, she said.  
Well can my friends this envy'd truth maintain :  
They share my bliss ; they best can speak my  
praise :  
Tho' Slander call me Sloth—detraction vain !  
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says :



Slander, still prompt true merit to defame ;  
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest  
name."

## XI.

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid :  
(She all the while, with the same modest pace,  
Compos'd, advanc'd.) " Know, Hercules," she  
said  
With manly tone, " thy birth of heav'nly race ;  
Thy tender age that lov'd Instruction's voice,  
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise ;  
When manhood should confirm thy glorious choice ;  
Now expectation waits to see thee rise.  
Rise, youth ! exalt thyself, and me : approve  
Thy high descent from heav'n ; and dare be worthy  
Jove.

## XII.

" But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not  
disguise ;  
The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd :  
Watchings and cares must win the lofty prize  
Propos'd by heav'n ; true bliss, and real good.  
Honor rewards the brave and bold alone ;  
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base :  
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne ;  
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place.

Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,  
And pay the price of fame ; labor, and care, and  
pain.

## XIII.

“ Would'st thou engage the gods peculiar care ?  
O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore !  
With a pure heart, with sacrifice and pray'r  
Attend their altars ; and their aid implore.  
Or would'st thou gain thy country's loud applause,  
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd ?  
Be thou the bold assertor of her cause :  
Her voice, in council ; in the fight, her sword.  
In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good :  
For her, bare thy bold breast ; and pour thy generous  
blood.

## XIV.

“ Would'st thou, to quell the proud and lift th'  
opprest,  
In arts of war, and matchless strength excel ?  
First conquer thou thyself. To ease, to rest,  
To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.  
The night, alternate due to sweet repose,  
In watches waste ; in painful march, the day :  
Congeal'd, amidst the rigorous winter's snows ;  
Scorch'd, by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray.  
Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might :  
Vigor shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight.”

XV.

“Hear’st thou, what monsters then thou must engage ?

(Abrupt says Sloth,) “what toils she bids thee prove ?

What endless toils ? Ill fit thy tender age  
Tumult and war ; fit age, for joy and love.  
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy !  
To these I lead : no monsters here shall stay  
Thine easy course ; no cares thy peace annoy :  
I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way.

Short is my way ; fair, easy, smooth, and plain :  
Turn, gentle youth ! With me, eternal pleasures  
reign.”

XVI.

“What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine !  
(Virtue with scorn reply’d :) “who sleep’st in ease  
Insensate ; whose soft limbs the toil decline  
That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please.  
Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require ;  
Feasting, ere hunger to the feast invite ;  
Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire ;  
Whom luxury supplies with appetite :  
Yet nature loaths ; and thou employ’st in vain  
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

## XVII.

“ The sparkling nectar, cool’d with summer snows;  
The dainty board, with choicest viands spread ;  
To thee are tasteless all ! Sincere repose  
Flies from thy flow’ry couch, and downy bed.  
For thou art only tir’d with indolence :  
Nor sleep with self-rewarding toil hast bought ;  
Th’ imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense  
In dull oblivious interval of thought :  
That kindly steals th’ inactive hours away  
From the long, ling’ring space, that lengthens out the  
day.

## XVIII.

“ From bounteous nature’s unexhausted stores  
Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights :  
Averse from her, you waste the joyless hours :  
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.  
Immortal though thou art, indignant Jove  
Hurl’d thee from heaven, th’ immortals blissful  
place ;  
For ever banish’d from the realms above,  
To dwell on earth, with man’s degenerate race :  
Fitter abode ! On earth alike disgrac’d ;  
Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac’d.

## XIX.

“ Fond wretch, that vainly weenest all delight  
To gratify the sense reserv’d for thee

Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,  
Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.  
Though lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along ;  
Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays ;  
Ne'er did'st thou hear, more sweet than sweetest  
    song  
Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy  
    praise !  
No—to thy revels let the fool repair :  
To such, go smooth thy speech ; and spread thy  
    tempting snare.

## XX.

“ Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies !  
A youth, of follies ; an old age, of cares :  
Young, yet enervate ; old, yet never wise ;  
Vice wastes their vigor, and their mind impairs.  
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease  
Reserving woes for age their prime they spend ;  
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days  
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.  
Griev'd with the present ; of the past asham'd :  
They live, and are despis'd : they die, nor more are  
    nam'd.

## XXI.

“ But with the gods, and god-like men, I dwell :  
Me, his supreme delight, th' almighty Sire  
Regards well-pleas'd : whatever works excel,



All or divine or human, I inspire.  
Counsel with strength, and industry with art,  
In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside :  
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the art ;  
The surest policy, the wisest guide.  
With me, true friendship dwells ; she deigns to  
bind  
Those generous souls alone, whom I before have  
join'd.

## XXII.

“ Nor need my friends the various costly feast ;  
Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies ;  
Labor prepares their weary limbs to rest ;  
Sweet is their sleep : light, chearful, strong they  
rise.  
Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure and re-  
nown  
They tread my paths ; and by a soft descent,  
At length to age all gently sinking down,  
Look back with transport on a life well-spent :  
In which, no hour flew unimprov'd away ;  
In which, some generous deed distinguish'd every  
day.

## XXIII.

“ And when, the destin'd term at length compleat,  
Their ashes rest in peace ; eternal Fame  
Sounds wide their praise : triumphant over fate,

In sacred song, for ever lives their name.  
 This, Hercules, is happiness! Obey  
 My voice ; and live. Let thy celestial birth  
 Lift and enlarge thy thoughts. Behold the way  
 That leads to fame ; and raises thee from earth  
 Immortal ! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise,  
 Pursue the glorious path ; and claim thy native  
 skies."

## XXIV.

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart  
 New vigor to his soul, that sudden caught  
 The generous flame : with great intent his heart  
 Swells full ; and labors with exalted thought :  
 The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,  
 Through all her fraudulent arts in clearest light  
 Sloth in her native form he now beheld ;  
 Unveil'd, she stood confest before his sight ;  
 False Siren !—All her vaunted charms, that shone  
 So fresh erewhile, and fair ; now wither'd, pale, and  
 gone.

## XXV.

No more, the rosy bloom in sweet disguise  
 Masks her dissembled looks : each borrow'd grace  
 Leaves her wan cheek : pale sickness clouds her  
 eyes  
 Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.  
 As when fair Iris has awhile display'd

Her watry arch, with gaudy painture gay ;  
While yet we gaze, the glorious colors fade,  
And from our wonder gently steal away :  
Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so  
    bright,  
Now lowers the low-hung cloud ; all gloomy to the  
    sight.

## XXVI.

But Virtue more engaging all the while  
Disclos'd new charms ; more lovely, more se-  
    rene ;  
Beaming sweet influence. A milder smile  
Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.  
“ Lead, goddess, I am thine ! (transported cry'd  
Alcides :) “ O propitious pow'r, thy way  
Teach me ! possess my soul ; be thou my guide :  
From thee, O never, never let me stray ! ”  
While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd ;  
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his  
    breast.

## XXVII.

The heavenly maid, with strength divine endu'd  
His daring soul ; there all her pow'rs combin'd ;  
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,  
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.  
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,

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By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,  
From fiercest monsters, through her powerful aid,  
'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode,  
Crown'd with eternal youth; among the Gods, a  
God.

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POEM V.

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*THALES.*

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SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
EDWARD POCOCKE, D. D.

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BY EDMUND SMITH, M. A.

Formerly of Christ-Church, Oxford.

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I.

A COMELY Dame, in Sorrowe's garments drest,  
Where Thames's crystal waters gently creep,  
With her soft palme did beat her ivorie breast,  
And rent her yellow locks; her rosy cheeke  
She in a flood of brackish teares did steep:  
Rachel she seem'd, old Israel's beauteous wife,  
Mourning her Sonnes, whose silver cord of life  
Was cut by murderous Herod's fell and bloody  
knife.

II.

Betwixt her lillie hands, the Virgin held  
Two Testaments; the one defac'd with rust,  
Vanquish'd with time, and overgrown with eld,  
All spoil'd with careless spots, all soyl'd with dust;



It seem'd the same, the which Jehovah just  
With his celestial finger did engrave ;  
And on, the top of smoaking Sinai, gave  
To Him, whom Pharaoh's Daughter found in watry  
cave.

## III.

The other seeming fresh and fayre, yclad  
In velvet covers, filleted with gold ;  
White bullions, and crimson ties it had ;  
The pumish'd leaves were seemly to behold.  
That spotlesse Lambe, which trayterous Judas sold  
For price of blood, which streamed from his side,  
Them guilt, when in Jerusalem he dy'd,  
For to redeeme his Love, his Dove, his Deare, his  
Bride.

## IV.

Theology, for so men call'd the maid,  
Upon these Volumes cast her moysten'd eyes,  
And who shall now (quoth she) since Pococke's  
dead,  
Find out the Treasure, that within you lies  
Shadow'd in high and heavenly mysteries ?  
And who shall now (quoth she) to others tell,  
When as, the World's great Grandsire ADAM fell,  
Banish'd from flowery Eden, where he first did  
dwell.

## V.

What meanes that monstrous man, which Babel's  
King  
Did in a troubl'd slumber, once behold,  
Like huge Goliah, slayne by David's sling,  
With dreadful head, and curled locks of gold,  
With breasts, and mighty arms, of silver mould ?  
With his swoln belly, and large sides of brasse,  
With iron legs, with feet of mingled masse ?  
One part compos'd of clay, the other iron was.

## VI.

What meanes the Lion, and the Eagles wings ?  
The savage Bear, that in his horrid jaw  
Three ribs of some devoured carcase brings ?  
The Leopard, which wise Belteshazzer saw  
With direful mouth, and mighty-murdering paw ?  
What means that fearful, hideous, hellish Beast,  
With iron teeth, and with his horned crest ?  
All these, and thousands more, by *Pococke* were  
exprest.

## VII.

'Twas He, that branch'd Messia's sacred stem  
In curious knots, and chain'd his glorious race  
From princely Adam to the noble Sem ;  
So down to Him, that had Choniah's place,  
And from his Sonnes, to Mary full of grace,  
A pregnant Maid, a blessed virgin Wife,

The Daughter of her Sonne, which gave him  
Life,  
Which did redeem the World, from Sin and Satan's  
strife.

## VIII.

'Twas He, that grav'd the names of Jacob's Sonnes  
In the two Beryls, upon Aaron's breast ;  
In Sardius Ruben, which as water runs ;  
Simeon in Topaz, baser than the rest ;  
Levi in Emerauld, for Doctrine best :  
Judah in Carbuncle, like Heav'ns eye ;  
In Saphir Issachar, like th' azure skie,  
In Turkis Zebulon, which near the sea doth lie.

## IX.

Dan in the flowery Hyacinth cut ;  
In Agate Nepthali ; and warlike Gad  
In bloody Amethyst ; Asher is put  
In Chrysolite ; the Beryl Joseph had ;  
Young Benjamin, old Jacob's own sweet lad,  
In Onyx ; each within his several stone  
Our great Bezaleel carv'd ; who now is gone  
To praise the Lambe, and Him that sits upon the  
Throne.

## X.

Nor did He only turn the sacred Page  
At home, like Pedant pale, in musing mood ;

But with the feeble steps of hoary age  
All holy Ground, a Pilgrim wise and good  
Patient he pac'd, and saw where dropping blood  
Hoar Calvary his dismal summit rears,  
Where, Angel meek, pure Piety appears  
Chain'd to the naked rock, wasted and wet with tears.

## XI.

Ye sacred Muses, that in Shiloh swim,  
And in celestial deawe do dippe your quill,  
The which, your Phoebus, mighty Elohim,  
In silver-streaming channels doth distill  
From top of Hermon, and of Sion Hill;  
As you, your great Creator's praise rehearse,  
Ah! lend one broken sigh, one broken verse,  
One doleful Ode, or Hymne, to deck his sable herse.

## XII.

And You, poor Jewes, the issue of old Sem  
Which did in honie-flowing Canaan dwell,  
And sway'd the scepter of Jerusalem;  
Until some snake-hair'd Furie, sent from Hell,  
Did you inflame with rage, and malice fell,  
To put your Life to death; ah! now repent  
For murdering your Lord! ah! now lament  
His Death, that would have brought you into Ja-  
phet's Tent.

## XIII.

And ye sage Men, who covet Adam's tongue,  
Which did remain in Heber's holy line,  
When the aspiring heaven-scaling throng  
Above the big-swoln clouds did seek to climb;  
(And is there then such pride in earthly slime?)  
Do You lament this silver-pinion'd swan,  
As white as Salmon-snow, a happy man,  
That spake like Adam's selfe, the speech of Canaan.

## XIV.

Besides the Greeke, plenteous in words and sense,  
The Chaldee wise, th' Arabian profound;  
The Latine, pleasing with his eloquence;  
The braving Spanishe, with her lofty sound;  
The Tuscan grave, with many a laurel crown;  
The lisping French, which fits a Lady vain;  
The Germane, like the people good and plain,  
The Englishe, pure and rich, his native countrie's  
strain.

## XV.

Ah scoffing Ismaels, do not offer wrong  
Unto his quiet Urne; do not defame  
The silver touch of that harmonious tongue;  
Peace dirty mouths, ah! hold your peace for shame,  
Void not your gall upon a dead man's name!  
But wake, O West-wind, come O South, and blow



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With your myrhe-breathing mouth, sweet odors  
throw  
Into the empty aire, from Pococke's tombe below.

## XVI.

This said, the Virgin vanished away,  
And Heav'n did put his mourning mantle on :  
Hyperion's Childe the Father of the Day,  
That, with his blazing lad, full brightly shone,  
Cloathed in Sable his star-glistening Throne :  
The clouds from their swolne eyes shed cristal  
show'rs,  
And all for him who lives in silver bowers,  
An Hallelujah sings, with Thrones, and glorious  
Pow'rs.

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## POEM VI.

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### THE *VISION OF PATIENCE.*

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Sacred to the Memory of

MR. ALEXANDER CUMING,

A Young Gentleman unfortunately lost in the Northern Ocean on his Return  
from China, 1740.

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*BY SAMUEL BOYSE.*

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Ne jaceat nullo, vel ne meliore sepulchro. Lucan, lib. viii.

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#### I.

'T WAS on a summer's night I lay repos'd,  
In the kind arms of hospitable Rest;  
When Fancy to my waking thought disclos'd  
And deep the visionary scene imprest:  
Close by my side in robes of morning-grey  
A form celestial stood—or seem'd to stand;  
Intranc'd in admiration as I lay,  
She rais'd with aspect calm my feeble hand:  
And while through all my veins the tumult ran,  
With mild benignity—she placid thus began:

## II.

" *Patience* my name—of *Lachesis* the child,  
Nor art thou unacquainted with my voice ;  
By me afflicted *Virtue* suffers mild,  
And to th' eternal will submits its choice.  
Behold, commission'd from the heavenly sphere,  
I come to strengthen thy corrected sight ;  
To teach thee yet continued woes to bear,  
And eye *Misfortune* in a friendly light :  
Nor thou my present summons disobey,  
But chearfully prepare to wait me on my way."

## III.

" Daughter of Heaven (methought I strait replied)  
Gladly by me thy summons is obey'd ;  
Content I follow thee, celestial guide,  
Beneath thy sure protection undismay'd :  
Oft in sharp perils and surrounding woes  
Thy salutary presence have I found ;  
Then lead wherever thy direction shows,  
To distant seas, or earth's remotest bound :  
Ready am I to wait thy purpos'd flight,  
Thine be the care to act the sovereign will aright !"

## IV.

Sudden, enfolded in a fleecy cloud,  
Through yielding air we cut our rapid way,

While the pale moon a dubious light bestow'd,  
Lands as we pass'd and intermingled sea :  
Nor ceas'd our voyage, till the blushing dawn  
Dispell'd the glimmering of the starry host ;  
And Night's dark curtain by degrees withdrawn,  
We found ourselves on *Thulé's* sky-girt coast :  
Where *Silence* sits on her untroubled throne,  
As if she left the world to live and reign alone.

## V.

Here no invading noise the Goddess finds,  
High as she sits o'er the surrounding deep ;  
But pleas'd she listens to the hollow winds,  
Or the shrill mew, that lulls her evening-sleep ;  
Deep in a cleft-worn rock we found her laid,  
Spangled the roof with many an artless gem :  
Slowly she rose, and met us in the shade,  
As half disturb'd that such intrusion came :  
But at her sister's sight with look discreet,  
She better welcome gave, and pointed each a seat.

## VI.

Wide from her grotto to the dazzled eye  
A boundless prospect ! lay the azure waste,  
Lost in the sightless limit sea and sky ;  
By measurable distance faintly trac'd ;  
Whence now arising from his wat'ry bed,  
The sun emerging spread his golden ray ;  
When sweetly *Patience* rais'd her pensive head,

And thus the Goddess said, or seem'd to say :  
" Mark, mortal, with Attention's deepest care,  
The swift approaching scene the hands of Heaven  
prepare."

## VII.

With look intent, across the shining void,  
(An object to the weak beholder lost!)  
Just in the horizon dim a sail I spied,  
As if she made some long-expected coast :  
Kind to her wishes blew the western breeze,  
As, swift advancing o'er the placid main  
She shap'd her course, increasing by degrees,  
Till nearer sense made all her beauties plain ;  
And shew'd her on the yielding billows ride,  
In all the gallant trim of ornamental pride !

## VIII.

Thus flew she onward with expanded sail,  
A sight delightful to the pleasur'd eye !  
Borne on the wings of the propitious gale,  
Heedless, alas ! of hidden danger nigh :  
The joyful sailor, long on ocean tost,  
Already thought his tedious sufferings o'er ;  
Already hail'd the hospitable coast,  
And trod in thought along the friendly shore :  
When, dreadful to behold !—disastrous shock !  
Shipwreck'd, at once she struck on a wave-cover'd  
rock !



## IX.

O Heaven!—it was a piteous sight to view  
The wild confusion suddenly took place!  
The different gestures of the frighted crew!  
The fear that mark'd each death-distracted face.  
All one impassion'd scene of woe appear'd,  
Some wildly rav'd, while others scarce could speak.  
No order was observ'd, no reason heard,  
For mortal paleness sate on every cheek!  
I look'd at *Patience*!—as she sate me nigh,  
And wonder'd, as I look'd, to see her tearless eye!

## X.

Again I turn'd—when, o'er the vessel's side,  
Distinct I saw a manly youth appear,  
Launch the oar'd pinnace to the swelling tide,  
Nor shew'd his steady brow a guilty fear!  
The sad remainder with a mournful hail  
His just design and bold departure blest;  
With lifted eye he spread the slender sail,  
As if he trusted Heaven to guide the rest:  
Swift o'er the main the bark retreating flew,  
And the tall ship at once was taken from my view.

## XI.

Immediate *Patience* from her seat arose,  
And all abrupt the transient visit broke;

While *Silence*, pleas'd, return'd to her repose,  
With air compos'd, for never word she spoke :  
Again cloud-wafted we pursu'd our way  
Westward, as gave the alter'd wind to ride,  
When thus, methought, I heard the Goddess say,  
“ 'Tis mine to wait yon' boat that braves the tide,  
For well, alas, too well I now foresee,  
Much need yon voyagers will quickly have for me.”

## XII.

Driven on the pinions of the eastern wind  
O'er many a sea-girt isle, and rocky coast,  
We left bleak Shetland's shadowy hills behind,  
To watch the little bark in ocean tost :  
For now from sight of land diverted clear,  
They drove uncertain o'er the pathless deep,  
Nor gave the adverse gale due course to steer,  
Nor durst they the design'd direction keep :  
The gathering tempest quickly rag'd so high,  
The wave-encompass'd boat but faintly reach'd my  
eye.

## XIII.

Yet could I mark, amidst the noisy waste,  
The peaceful exit blameless Virtue gave ;  
Calm sate the youth in the loud threatening blast,  
And firm prepar'd him for his wat'ry grave !  
One fond regard, his latest debt, he paid,  
Eastward, to Caledonia's native shore ;

And thus (methought) in dying accents said,  
“ Farewell my country ! ”—he could say no more,  
For the wild surge with rage devouring spread,  
And whelm'd the hapless youth in Ocean's liquid bed.

## XIV.

Then *Patience* meek, as from my rending heart,  
She heard deep utter'd the expressive sighs,  
“ Seest thou (she said) that youth's undaunted part,  
Who yonder ev'n in death unvanquish'd lies ?  
There view the blest effects from Virtue flow,  
The cow'rd from Fate to shameful Safety flies ;  
The truly valiant dares to meet the foe,  
Nor shrinks from danger, but with honour dies :  
For guilt of all defence disarms the slave,  
But innocence in death supports the good and brave.

## XV.

“ Yet, ere yon setting sun his light renew,  
Shalt thou behold the decent honors paid  
To the pale corse now floating in thy view,  
And see it in the earth lamented laid ;  
For though he dies from each expecting friend,  
Whose vows were offer'd for his safe return ;  
The mournful stranger o'er his grave shall bend,  
The blushing virgins weep around his urn !  
Such privilege his spotless truth shall boast,  
Though to your distant world in dark oblivion lost ! ”

## XVI.

The tempest ceas'd—and all the sober night  
Intent our course aërial we pursued ;  
Till as Aurora dawn'd with ruddy light,  
An island we perceiv'd that stemm'd the flood ;  
No hills, nor trees adorn'd the level soil,  
Where bleating flocks a plenteous herbage found ;  
Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle  
With here and there a spot of tillage-ground :  
By which the humble village stood descried,  
Where never enter'd arts, or luxury, or pride !

## XVII.

O'er many a sea-green holm we wafted went  
Where undisturb'd the feather'd nations lay !  
Till lighting on the plain with soft descent,  
We saw a reverend form advance our way ;  
And now approaching with an easy pace,  
The venerable sage before us stands,  
White were his hairs, and chearful was his face,  
At once delights his aspect and commands :  
I felt all care suspended at his view,  
Whom better far than I his kindred Goddess knew.

## XVIII.

Of homespun russet was the garb he bore,  
Girt with a velvet seal's divided skin :

Of woollen yarn the mittens which he wore  
To keep him from the breath of Boreas thin :  
An easy path along the verdant ground  
Soon to his hospitable cottage led,  
Ere yet instructed I my error found,  
Nor knew the cause my first emotion bred,  
Till, as into his clean abode we went,  
Kind *Patience* whisper'd me our host was call'd *Content*.

## XIX.

Sweet was his earthen floor with rushes spread,  
Sweet was each shell-wrought bowl, and wooden  
dish,  
Sweet was the quilt compos'd his healthy bed,  
Nor wanted he for fowl, or sun-dried fish ;  
And milk of sheep, and turf, a plenteous store,  
Which lay beneath his comfortable roof ;  
No storms, no accidents, could make him poor,  
He and his house, I ween, were weather-proof.  
A batchelor he wonde, devoid of care,  
Which made him now appear so healthy and so fair.

## XX.

Long time with *Patience* fair discourse he held,  
(Oft had the Goddess been his welcome guest)  
Nor she the friendly intercourse repell'd,  
But the good sire familiarly address'd :  
Thus were we happily conversant set,  
When from the neighbouring village rose a cry,



And drew our hasty steps where numbers met,  
Like us, appear'd to know the reason—why?  
Nor needed answer: on the sea-weed spray,  
Too visible reply!—the wave-toss'd body lay.

## XXI.

How stood I shock'd—when in the semblant face,  
(By death unalter'd, or the cruel flood)  
I could of *Lycidas* each feature trace,  
Young *Lycidas*, the learned and the good!  
“O Heaven (cried I) what sorrows will he feel,  
Debarr'd the promis'd hope of thy return?  
Not all his skill the mental wound can heal,  
Or cure a loss he must so justly mourn!  
How will he weep when in the ocean-grave,  
He hears a brother lost he could have died to save!”

## XXII.

Here with observant eye, and look serene,  
Thus check'd the good old man my plaintive  
speech;  
“Best in submission piety is seen,  
That lesson let thy kind conductress teach:  
But lest the youth, thy friend bewails, should want  
The rites departed merit ought to find,  
Let these assembled natives kindly grant  
The unpolluted grave, by Heaven assign'd:  
A corpse that claim'd a due interment more,  
Yet never wafted wave to *Faroe's* guiltless shore!”

## XXIII.

He said—obedient to his just commands  
The zealous youth the breathless body bear,  
Some form the sepulchre with careful hands,  
While round the virgins drop the artless tear.  
Such flowers as Nature grants the ruder clime,  
Such flowers around with pious care they shed,  
And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme,  
Allotted to the sage, or warrior dead :  
While as these fruitless honors are bestow'd,  
*Content* with sober speech his purpose thus avow'd :

## XXIV.

“ What boots thee now, lost youth ! that cross the  
main,  
Thou spread the daring sail from pole to pole,  
Wealth to acquire, and knowledge to attain :  
Knowledge, the nobler treasure of thy soul !  
Beneath the scorching of the medial line,  
On Afric's sand, and India's golden coast ;  
Virtue gave thee with native truth to shine,  
Drest in each excellence that youth could boast,  
And now she gives thee from the wave to rise,  
And reach the safer port prepar'd thee in the skies.

## XXV.

“ Yet take these honors, thy deserv'd reward !  
Call this untroubled spot of earth thy own ;

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Here shall thy ashes find a due regard,  
And annual sweets around thy grave be thrown.  
Directing Heaven ordain'd thy early end,  
From fraud and guilt to save thy blameless youth,  
To show that Death no terrors can attend,  
Where Piety resides and holy Truth :  
Here take thy rest within this hallow'd ground,  
Till the last trump emit the dead-awakening  
sound !”

## XXVI.

He ceas'd—attentive to the words he said,  
In earth the natives place the honor'd clay ;  
With holy rites they cover up his head,  
A spotless grave, where never mortal lay !  
Charm'd with the simple manners of the isle,  
I wish'd some further knowledge to receive ;  
Here could have dwelt with old *Content* awhile,  
And learn'd of him the happiness to live !  
When *Patience* from my side abruptly broke,  
And starting at the loss, I suddenly awoke !

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## POEM VII.

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BY

*THE LATE MOSES MENDEZ, ESQ.*

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### I.

YE baleful followers of the Blatant Beast,  
Who censure matters far beyond your ken,  
Behold, I now present you with a feast ;  
Rush forth like wolves from your sequester'd den,  
And mangle all the labors of my pen.  
Show, ye rude louts, your lewd unhallow'd rage,  
In this I share the fate of greater men ;  
Pale Envy ever gnaws the laurel'd page,  
And 'gainst all worthy wight doth war perpetual  
wage.

### II.

If thee, sweet nymph, these simple lines aggrate,  
If I may hope to merit thine esteem,  
Not with the proudest would I change my state  
Of those who deeply drink Castalia's stream,  
And on Parnassus catch th' inspiring dream.  
Say, thou dear nursling of the Paphian Queen,

Wilt thou, ah ! wilt thou patronize my theme,  
So shall this measure blunt the tooth of spleen,  
Nor critic's tongue shall blast such favor'd lines, I  
ween.

### III.

See ! how the tribe of witlings shun the place,  
And deep in shades conceal their fronts of brass ;  
The coxcomb talks of feathers, cloaths, and lace,  
Nay Codrus unimpeach'd doth let me pass,  
Codrus, of pride and spite a mighty mass.  
Thus when a set of imps at midnight play,  
And tear the corpses from the hallow'd grass ;  
Soon as the sun unbars the gates of day,  
They fear his heavenly light and melt in air away.

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THE  
*SEASONS.*

---

*By the Same.*

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|                                          |                    |
|------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Annuus agricolis ordo breviorque laborum |                    |
| Summa mihi tradenda.                     | Praedium Rusticum. |

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SPRING.

I.

ERE yet I sing the round-revolving year,  
And show the toils and pastime of the swain,  
At Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear ;  
Right well he knew to raise his learned strain,  
And, like his Milton, scorn'd the rhiming chain.  
Ah ! cruel fate, to tear him from our eyes ;  
Receive this wreath, albe the tribute's vain,  
From the green sod may flowers immortal rise,  
To mark the sacred spot where the sweet poet lies.

II.

It is the cuckoo that announceth Spring,  
And with his wreakful tale the spouse doth fray;

Mean while the finches harmless ditties sing,  
And hop, in buxom youth, from spray to spray,  
Proud as Sir Paridel of rich array.  
The little wantons that draw Venus team  
Chirp amorous thro' the grove in beavies gay;  
And he, who erst gain'd Leda's fond esteem,  
Now sails on Themis' tide, the glory of the stream!

## III.

Proud as the Turkish soldan, chaunticleer  
Sees, with delight, his numerous race around :  
He grants fresh favours to each female near ;  
For love as well as cherisaunce renown'd.  
The waddling dame that did the Gauls confound,  
Her tawny sons doth lead to rivers cold ;  
While Juno's dearling, with majestic bound,  
To charm his leman doth his train unfold,  
That glows with vivid green, that flames with burning  
gold.

## IV.

The balmy cowslip gilds the smiling plain,  
The virgin snow-drop boasts her silver hue,  
An hundred tints the gaudy daisy stain,  
And the meek violet, in amis blue,  
Creeps low to earth, and hides from public view :  
But the rank nettle rears her crest on high ;  
So ribaulds loose their front unblushing shew,  
While modest merit doth neglected lie,  
And pines in lonely shade, unseen of vulgar eye.

## V.

See! all around the gall-less culver's bill,  
Mean while the nightingale's becalming lays  
Mix with the plaintive music of the rill,  
The which in various gyres the meadow bays.  
Behold! the welkin bursts into a blaze!  
Fast by the car of light the nimble hours,  
In songs of triumph, hail his genial rays,  
And, as they wend to Thetis cooling bowers,  
They bound along the sky, and strew the heavens  
with flowers.

## VI.

And now the human bosom melts to love;  
The raptur'd bard awakes his skilful lyre,  
By running streams, or in the laurel grove,  
He tunes to amorous notes his sounding wire,  
All, all is harmony, and all desire.  
The happy numbers charm the blooming maid.  
Her blushing cheeks pronounce her heart on fire,  
She now consents, then shuns th' embowering  
shade,  
With faint reluctance yields; desirous, yet afraid.

## VII.

Now rustic Cuddy, with untutor'd throat,  
(Tho' much admir'd, I ween, of nymph and  
swain)  
By various songs would various ends promote.

Seeks he to prove that woman's vows are vain ?  
He Bateman's fortune tells, a baleful strain !  
And if, to honor Britain he be led,  
He sings a 'prentice bold, in londs profane,  
Who, all unarm'd, did strike two lions dead,  
Tore forth their savage hearts, and did a princess  
wed.

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VIII.

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But hark ! the bag-pipe summons to the green,  
The jocund bag-pipe, that awaketh sport ;  
The blithesome lasses, as the morning sheen,  
Around the flower-crown'd may-pole quick resort ;  
The gods of pleasure here have fix'd their court.  
Quick on the wing the flying moment seize,  
Nor build up ample schemes, for life is short,  
Short as the whisper of the passing breeze.  
Yet, ah ! in vain I preach—mine heart is ill at ease.

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## SUMMER.

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### I.

BENEATH yon snubby oak's extended shade  
Safe let me hide me from the eye of day ;  
Nor shall the dog-star this retreat invade,  
As thro' the heavens he speeds his burning way :  
The sultry lion rages for his prey.  
Ah Phoebus, quench thy wild destroying fire,  
Each flower, each shrub doth sink beneath thy  
ray,  
Save the fresh laurel, that shall ne'er expire.  
The leaves that crown a bard may brave celestial ire.

### II.

Or shall I hie to mine own hermitage,  
Round which the wanton vine her arms doth wind,  
There may I lonely turn the sacred page,  
Improve my reason, and amend my mind ;  
Here 'gainst life's ills a remedy I find.  
An hundred flowers emboss the verdant ground ;  
A little brook doth my sweet cottage bind,  
Its waters yield a melancholy sound,  
And sooth to study deep, or lull to sleep profound.



## III.

The playful insect hopping in the grass  
Doth tire the hearer with his sonnet shrill;  
The pool-sprung gnat on sounding wing doth pass,  
And on the ramping steed doth suck his fill;  
Ah me, can little creatures work such ill!  
The patient cow doth, to eschew the heat,  
Her body steep within the neighbouring rill;  
And while the lambs in fainter voices bleat,  
Their mothers hang the head, in doleful plight I  
weet.

## IV.

Reckless of seasons, see the lusty swains  
Along the meadow spread the tawny hay;  
The maidens too undaunted seek the plains,  
Ne fear to show their faces to the ray;  
But all the honest badge of toil display.  
See how they mould the haycock's rising head;  
While wanton Colin, full of amorous play,  
Down throweth Susan, who doth shriek for dread.  
Fear not—thou can'st be hurt upon so soft a bed.

## V.

At length the sun doth hasten to repose,  
And all the vault of heaven is streak'd with light;  
In flamy gold the ruddy welkin glows,  
And, for the noon-day heat, our pains doth quite,

For all is calm, serene, and passing bright.  
Favonius gentle skims along the grove,  
And sheds sweet odors from his pennons light.  
The little bat in giddy orbs doth rove,  
And loud the screech-owl shrieks, to rouse her blue-  
eyed love.

## VI.

Menalcas came to taste the evening gale,  
His cheeks impurpled with the rose of youth;  
He won each damsel with his piteous tale,  
They thought they listen'd to the words of truth,  
Yet their belief did work them muchel ruth.  
His oaths were light as gossimer, or air,  
His tongue was poisonous as an aspic's tooth.  
Ah! cease to promise joy, and give despair:  
'Tis brave to smite the foe; 'tis base to wrong the  
fair.

## VII.

The gentle Thyrsis, mild as opening morn,  
Came to the lawn, and Marian there was found,  
Marian whom many huswife arts adorn,  
Right well she knew the apple to surround  
With dulcet crust; and Thomalin renown'd  
For prow atchievements in the wrestling-ring;  
He held at nought the vantage of the ground,  
But prone to earth the hardest wight would fling;  
Such was Alcides erst, if poets sooth do sing.

## VIII.

From tree-crown'd hill, from flower-enamel'd vale,  
The mild inhabitants in crouds appear  
To tread a measure ; while night's regent pale  
Doth thro' the sky her silver chariot steer,  
Whose lucid wheels were deck'd with dew-drops  
clear,  
The which, like pearls, descended on the plain.  
Now every youth doth clasp his mistress dear,  
And every nymph rewards her constant swain.  
Thrice happy he who loves, and is belov'd again.

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## AUTUMN.

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### I.

SEE jolly Autumn, clad in hunter's green,  
In wholesome lusty-hed doth mount the sphere,  
A leafy girlond binds her temples sheen,  
Instudded richly with the spiky ear.  
Her right hand bears a vine-incircled spear,  
Such as the crew did wield whom Bacchus lad,  
When to the Ganges he his course did steer;  
And in her left a bugle horn she had,  
On which she eft did blow, and made the heart right  
glad.

### II.

In slow procession moves the tottering wain,  
The sun-burnt hinds their finish'd toil ensue;  
Now in the barn they house the glittering grain,  
And there the cries of "harvest home" renew,  
The honest farmer doth his friends salew;  
And them with jugs of ale his wife doth treat,  
Which, for that purpose, she at home did brew;  
They laugh, they sport, and homely jests repeat,  
Then smack their lasses lips, their lips as honey sweet.

## III.

On every hill the purple-blushing vine  
Beneath her leaves her racy fruit doth hide :  
Albe she pour not floods of foaming wine,  
Yet are we not potations bland denied ;  
See where the pear-tree doth in earth abide,  
Bruise her rich fruitage, and the grape disdain ;  
The apple too will grant a generous tide,  
To sing whose honors Thenot rais'd his strain,  
Whose soul-inchanting lays still charm the listening  
plain.

## IV.

Thro' greyish mists behold Aurora dawns,  
And to his sport the wary fowler hies ;  
Crouching to earth his guileful pointer fawns,  
Now the thick stubble, now the clover tries,  
To find where, with his race, the partridge lies ;  
Ah ! luckless fire, ah ! luckless race, I ween,  
Whom force compels, or subtle arts surprize ;  
More uncles wait to cause thee dolorous teen,  
Doom'd to escape the deep, and perish on the  
green.

## V.

The full-mouth'd hounds pursue the timorous hare,  
And the hills echo to the joyful cry ;  
Ah ! borrow the light pennons of the air,



If you're arraught, you die, poor wretch, you die.  
Nought will avail the pity-pleading eye,  
For our good squire doth much against you rail,  
And saith you often magic arts do try ;  
At times you wave Grimalkin's sooty tail,  
Or on a beesom vild you thro' the welkin sail.

## VI.

The stag is rous'd ; he stems the threatening flood  
That shall ere long his matchless swiftness quell ;  
And, to avoid the tumult of the wood,  
Amongst his well-known pheers attempts to mell :  
With horn and hoof his purpose they repell.  
Thus, should a maid from virtue's lore ystray,  
Your sex, my Daphne, show their vengeance fell ;  
Your cruel selves with gall the shaft embay,  
And lash from pardon's shrine the penitent away.

## VII.

Now silence charms the sages of the gown,  
To purer air doth speed each crafty wight ;  
The well-squeez'd client quits the dusty town,  
Grown grey in the asserting of his right,  
With head yfraught with law, and pockets light,  
Well pleas'd he wanders o'er the fallow lea,  
And views each rural object with delight.  
Ne'er be my lot the brawling courts to see ;  
Who trusts to lawyer's tongue doth much misween,  
perdy.

## VIII.

Right bless'd the man who free from bitter bale,  
Doth in the little peaceful hamlet dwell,  
No loud contention doth his ears assail,  
Save when the tempest whistles o'er his cell ;  
The fruitful down, the flower-depainted dell,  
To please his eyne are variously array'd ;  
And when in roundelay his flame he'd tell,  
He gains a smile from his beloved maid ;  
By such a gentle smile an age of pain's repaid.

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## WINTER.

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### I.

THE little brook that erst my cot did lave,  
And o'er its flinty pavement sweetly sung,  
Doth now forget to roll her wanton wave,  
For winter hoar her icy chain has flung,  
And still'd the babbling music of her tongue.  
The lonely woodcock seeks the splashy glen,  
Each mountain head with fleecy snow is hung ;  
The snipe and duck enjoy the moorish fen,  
Like Eremites they live, and shun the sight of men.

### II.

The wareless sheep no longer bite the mead,  
No more the plough-boy turns the stubborn ground,  
At the full crib the horned labourers feed,  
Their nostrils cast black clouds of smoak around ;  
A squalid coat doth the lean steed surround.  
The wily fox doth prowle abroad for prey,  
Reckless of snares, or of th' avenging hound ;  
And trusty Lightfoot, now no longer gay,  
Sleeps at the kitchen hearth his cheerless hours away.

## III.

Where erst the boat, and slowly-moving barge,  
Did with delight cut thro' the dimpling plain,  
Now wanton boys and men do roam at large ;  
The river-gods quit their usurp'd domain,  
And of the wrong at Neptune's court complain.  
There mote you see mild Avon crown'd with  
    flowers,  
And milky Wey withouten spot or stain ;  
There the fair stream that washes Hampton's  
    bowers,  
And Isis who with pride beholds her learned towers.

## IV.

Intent on sport, the ever jocund throng  
Quit their warm cots, and for the game prepare ;  
Behold the restless foot-ball whirls along,  
Now near the earth, now mounted high in air.  
Thus often men, in life's wild lottery fare,  
Who quit true bliss to grasp an empty toy.  
Our honest swains for wealth nor titles care,  
But lusty health in exercise employ.  
The distant village hears the rude tumultuous joy.

## V.

The careful hedger looks the fields around  
To see what labor may his skill demand ;  
He mends the fence, repairs the sinking mound,

Or in long drains he cuts the lower land,  
That shall henceforth all sudden floods withstand.  
Mean while at home his dame, with silver hair,  
Doth sit incircled by a goodly band  
Of lovely maids, who various works prepare,  
All chaste as Jove's wise child, as Cupid's mother  
fair.

## VI.

She them discourses not of fashions nice,  
Nor of the trilling notes which eunuchs sing,  
Allurements vain, that prompt the soul to vice!  
Ne tells she them of Kesar or of king;  
Too great the subject for so mean a ring.  
Her lessons teach to swell the capon's size;  
To make the hen a numerous offspring bring;  
Or how the way-ward mother to chastize  
When from her vetchy nest the weetless vagrant  
hies.

## VII.

When glistening spangles deck the robe of night,  
And all their kine in pens avoid the cold,  
The buxom troops, still eager of delight,  
Round Damon's eyne a drapet white infold,  
He darkling gropes till he some one can hold.  
Next Corin hides his head, and must impart  
What wanton fair one smote his hand so bold.



He Delia names, nor did from truth depart;  
For well he knew her touch, who long had fir'd his  
heart.

## VIII.

Stay I conjure you by your hopes of bliss,  
Trust not, my Daphne, the rough-biting air,  
Let not rude winds those lips of softness kiss,  
Will Eurus stern, the charms of beauty spare?  
No, he will hurt my rosy-featur'd fair,  
If aught so bright dares rugged carl invade,  
Too tender thou such rough assaults to bear;  
The mountain ash may stand tho' strip'd of shade,  
But at the slightest wound the silken flower will fade.

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## POEM VIII.

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### THE POETICAL CALENDAR.

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#### AN HYMN TO MAY.

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Nunc formosissimus annus.

Virg.

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#### Argument.

Subject proposed. Invocation of May. Description of her: Her operations on nature. Bounty recommended; in particular at this season. Vernal apostrophe. Love the ruling passion in May. The celebration of Venus her Birth-Day in this month. Rural retirement in Spring. Conclusion.

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#### I.

ETHERIAL daughter of the lusty Spring,  
And sweet Favonius, ever-gentle May!  
Shall I, unblam'd, presume of thee to sing,  
And with thy living colors gild my lay?  
Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain;  
My numbers languish in a softer vein:  
I pant too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

## II.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,  
With storms when winter blackens Nature's face;  
When whirling winds the howling forest tear,  
And shake the solid mountains to their base :  
Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky  
Veil thy beloved glories from the eye,  
For which the nations pine, and earth's fair children  
die ?

## III.

Where Leda's twins, forth from their diamond-  
tower,  
Alternate, o'er the night their beams divide,  
In light embosom'd, happy and secure  
From winter-rage, thou chusest to abide ;  
Blest residence ! for there, as poets tell,  
The powers of Poetry and Wisdom dwell ;  
Apollo wakes the Arts, the Muses strike the shell.

## IV.

Certes o'er Rhedicyna's laurel'd mead,  
(For ever spread, ye laurels, green and new !)  
The brother-stars their gracious nurture shed,  
And secret blessings of poetic-dew :  
They bathe their horses in the learned flood,  
With flame recruited for th' etherial road ;  
And deem fair Isis' swans fair as their father-god.

## V.

No sooner April, trim'd with girlands gay,  
Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly showers;  
But, in the eastern-pride of beauty, May,  
To gladden earth, forsakes her heavenly bowers,  
Restoring Nature from her palsied state.  
April, retire; ne longer, Nature, wait :  
Soon may she issue from the morning's golden gate.

## VI.

Come, bounteous May ! in fulness of thy might,  
Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing hours,  
All-recent from the bosom of delight,  
With nectar nurtur'd, and involv'd in flowers :  
By Spring's sweet blush, by Nature's teeming womb;  
By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom ;  
By Venus-self (for Venus-self demands thee) come !

## VII.

By the warm sighs, in dewy even-tide,  
Of melting maidens, in the wood-bine-groves,  
To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride ;  
By billing turtles, and by cooing doves ;  
By the youths' plainings stealing on the air,  
(For youths will plain, tho' yielding be the fair)  
Hither, to bless the maidens and the youths, repair.

## VIII.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn-buds,  
With freshness breathing, by the daisied plains ;

By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,  
And jovial roundelays of nymphs and swains;  
In thy full energy, and rich array,  
Delight of earth and heaven! O blessed May!  
From heaven descend to earth: on earth vouchsafe  
to stay.

## IX.

She comes!—A silken camus, emral'd-green,  
Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,  
(Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen)  
And with the labors of the needle glows,  
Purpled by Nature's hand! the amorous air  
And musky-western breezes fast repair,  
Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her hair:

## X.

Her hair (but rather threads of light it seems)  
With the gay honors of the Spring entwin'd,  
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,  
Floats glittering on the sun, and scents the wind  
Lovesick with odors!—now to order roll'd,  
It melts upon her bosom's dainty mold,  
Or, curling round her waist, disparts its wavy gold.

## XI.

Young-circling roses, blushing, round them throw  
The sweet abundance of their purple rays,  
And lillies, dip'd in fragrance, freshly blow,  
With blended beauties, in her angel-face :



The humid radiance beaming from her eyes  
The air and seas illumes, the earth and skies,  
And open, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

## XII.

On Zephyr's wing the laughing Goddess view  
Distilling balm: she cleaves the buxom air,  
Attended by the silver-footed dew,  
The ravages of winter to repair :  
She gives her naked bosom to the gales,  
Her naked bosom down the ether sails ;  
Her bosom breathes delight ; her breath the  
spring exhales.

## XIII.

All as the Phoenix, in Arabian skies,  
New-burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,  
At large, in roseal undulation, flies ;  
His plumage dazzles, and the gazer tires :  
Around their King the plummy nations wait,  
Attend his triumph, and augment his state :  
He towering claps his wings, and wins th' ethereal  
height.

## XIV.

So round this Phoenix of the gaudy year  
A thousand, nay ten thousand Sports and Smiles,  
Fluttering in gold along the hemisphere,  
Her praises chant ; her praises glad the isles :  
Conscious of her approach (to deck her bowers)

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Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours  
A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flowers.

## XV.

Narcissus fair, in snowy velvet gown'd ;  
Ah foolish ! still to love the fountain-brim :  
Sweet Hyacinth, by Phoebus erst bemoan'd ;  
And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim :  
Whate'er, Armida, in thy gardens blew ;  
Whate'er the sun inhales, or sips the dew ;  
Whate'er compose the chaplet on Ianthe's brow.

## XVI.

He who undaz'd can wander o'er her face,  
May gaze upon the solar-blaze at noon !—  
What more than female sweetness, and a grace  
Peculiar ! save, Ianthe, thine alone,  
Ineffable effusion of the day !  
So very much the same, that lovers say,  
May is Ianthe ; or the dear Ianthe May.

## XVII.

So far as doth the harbinger of day  
The lesser lamps of night in sheen excell ;  
So far in sweetness and in beauty May  
Above all other months doth bear the bell :  
So far as May doth other months exceed,  
So far in virtue and in goodlihead,  
Above all other nymphs Ianthe bears the meed.

## XVIII.

Welcome! as to a youthful poet wine,  
To fire his fancy, and enlarge his soul:  
He weaves the laurel-chaplet with the vine,  
And grows immortal as he drains the bowl:  
Welcome! as beauty to the lovesick swain,  
For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain;  
He darts into her arms; she smiles away his pain.

## XIX.

The drowzy elements, arouz'd by thee,  
Roll to harmonious measures, active all!  
Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,  
Exult to celebrate thy festival:  
Fire burns intenser; softer breathes the air;  
More smooth the waters flow; earth smiles more  
fair:  
Earth, water, air and fire, thy gladdening impulse  
share.

## XX.

What boundless tides of splendor o'er the skies,  
O'erflowing brightness, stream their golden rays!  
Heaven's azure kindles with the varying dyes,  
Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze:  
Air whitens; wide the tracts of ether been  
With colors damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,  
And all above is blue, and all below is green.

## XXI.

At thy approach the wild waves' loud uproar,  
And foamy surges of the maddening main,  
Forget to heave their mountains to the shore,  
Diffus'd into the level of the plain :  
For thee the Halcyon builds her summer's nest ;  
For thee the Ocean smooths her troubled breast,  
Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple drest.

## XXII.

Have ye not seen, in gentle even-tide,  
When Jupiter the earth hath richly shower'd,  
Striding the clouds, a bow dispredden wide,  
As if with light inwove, and gayly flower'd  
With bright variety of blending dyes ?  
White, purple, yellow, melt along the skies,  
Alternate colors sink, alternate colors rise.

## XXIII.

The earth's embroidery then have ye eyed,  
And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white ;  
Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious, died  
In Flora's livery, painted by the Light :  
Light's painted children in the breezes play,  
Unfold their dewy bosoms to the ray,  
Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

## XXIV.

From the wide altar of the foodful earth  
The flowers, the herbs, the plants their incense roll;  
The orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd birth;  
The vermil-gardens breathe the spicy soul:  
Grateful to May the nectar-spirit flies,  
The wafted clouds of lavish'd odors rise,  
The Zephyr's balmy load, perfuming all the skies.

## XXV

The bee, the golden daughter of the Spring,  
From mead to mead, in wanton labor, roves,  
And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing  
With all the essence of the flushing groves:  
Extracts the aromatic soul of flowers,  
And humming in delight, its waxen bowers  
Fills with the luscious spoil, and lives ambrosial  
hours.

## XXVI.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves,  
That low in pastures, or on mountains bleat,  
Revive their frolics and renew their loves,  
Stung to the marrow with thy generous heat:  
The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,  
Shakes to the winds the honors of his mane,  
(High arch'd his neck) and snuffing, hopes the dap-  
pled train.



## XXVII.

Th' aerial songsters sooth the listening groves :  
The mellow thrush, the ouzle sweetly shrill,  
And little linnets celebrate their loves  
In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill :  
The soaring lark ; the lowly nightingale,  
A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,  
And melancholy music dies along the dale.

## XXVIII.

This gay exuberance of the gorgeous spring,  
The gilded mountain, and the herbag'd vale ;  
The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,  
The murmuring fountain, and the breathing  
dale :  
The dale, the fountains, birds and woods delight,  
The vales, the mountains, and the spring invite,  
Yet, unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

## XXIX.

When Nature laughs around, shall man alone,  
Thy image, hang (ah me !) the sickly head ?  
When Nature sings, shall Nature's glory groan,  
And languish for the pittance poor of bread ?  
O may the man that shall his image scorn,  
Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,  
Die unanell'd, and dead, by dogs and kites be torn.

## XXX.

Curs'd may he be (as if he were not so)  
Nay doubly curs'd be such a breast of steel,  
Which never melted at another's woe,  
Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel :  
His heart is black as hell, in flowing store  
Who hears the needy crying at his door,  
Who hears them cry, ne recks ; but suffers them be  
poor.

## XXXI.

But blest, O more than doubly blest be he !  
Let honor crown him and eternal rest,  
Whose bosom, the sweet fount of charity,  
Flows out to nurse Innocence distrest :  
His ear is open to the widow's cries,  
His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries ;  
Like mercy's self he looks on want with pity's  
eyes.

## XXXII.

In this blest season, pregnant with delight,  
Ne may the boading owl with screeches wound  
The solemn silence of the quiet night,  
Ne croaking raven, with unhallow'd sound.  
Ne damned ghost affray with deadly yell  
The waking lover, rais'd by mighty spell,  
To pale the stars, till Hesper shine it back to hell.

## XXXIII.

Ne Witches rifle gibbets, by the moon,  
(With horror winking, trembling all with fear)  
Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone :  
Nor imp in visionary shape, appear,  
To blast the thriving verdure of the plain ;  
Ne let Hobgoblin, ne the Ponk profane  
With shadowy glare the light, and mad the burst-  
ing brain.

## XXXIV.

Yet fairy-elves (so antient custom's will)  
The green-gown'd fairy-elves, by starry sheen,  
May gambol or in valley or on hill,  
And leave your footsteps on the circled green :  
Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around ;  
Full featly, Ob'ron, thou, o'er grass-turf bound :  
Mab brushes off no dew-drops, Ob'ron prints no  
ground.

## XXXV.

Ne bloody rumors violate the ear  
Of cities sack'd, and kingdoms desolate,  
With plague or sword, with pestilence or war ;  
Ne rueful murder stain thy aera date ;  
Ne shameless calumny, for fell despight,  
The foulest fiend that e'er blasphem'd the light,  
At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

## XXXVI.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,  
Ne voice of misery assault the heart;  
Ne fatherless from table be debarr'd;  
Ne piteous tear from eye of sorrow start:  
But Plenty, pour thyself into the bowl  
Of bounty-head; may never want controul  
That good, good honest man, who feeds the fa-  
mish'd soul.

## XXXVII.

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep;  
The viol wake alone, and tender flute:  
The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,  
And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian lute:  
Yet Clio frets and burns, with honest pain,  
To rouze and animate the martial strain,  
Since William charg'd the foe on fam'd Culloden's  
plain.

## XXXVIII.

The trumpet sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake,  
Illustrious Chief! to sound thy mighty name,  
(Snatch'd from the malice of Lethean lake)  
Triumphant-swelling from the mouth of Fame:  
Mean-while, disdain not (so the virgins pray)  
This rosy crown, with myrtle wove and bay,  
(Too humble crown I ween) the offering of May.

## XXXIX.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,  
Heaping thy crouded way with greens and flowers,  
And in the fondness of their heart rejoice  
To sooth, with dance and song, thy gentler hours:  
Indulge the season, and with sweet repair  
Embay thy limbs, the vernal blessing share:  
Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war.

## XL.

Britannia's happy isle derives from May  
The choicest blessings Liberty bestows,  
When royal Charles (for ever hail the day!)  
In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes:  
Restor'd with him, the Arts their drooping head  
Gaily again uprear'd; the Muses shade  
With fresher honors bloom'd, in greener time array'd.

## XLI.

And thou, the goodliest blossom of our isles!  
Great Frederick's and his Augusta's joy,  
Thy native month approv'd with infant smiles,  
Sweet as the smiling May, Imperial Boy!  
Britannia hopes thee for her future Lord,  
Lov'd as thy Parents, only not ador'd!  
When-e'er a George is born, Charles is again restor'd.



## XLII.

O may his Father's pant for finer fame,  
And boundless bountyhead to human kind;  
His Grandsire's glory, and his Uncle's name,  
Renown'd in war! inflame his ardent mind!  
So arts shall flourish 'neath his equal sway,  
So arms the hostile nations wide affray;  
The laurel Victory, Apollo wear the bay.

## XLIII.

Thro' kind infusion of celestial power  
The dullard earth May quickeneth with delight:  
Full suddenly the seeds of joy recure  
Elastic spring, and force within empight:  
If senseless elements invigorate prove  
By genial May, and heavy matter move,  
Shall shepherdesses cease, shall shepherds fail to  
love?

## XLIV.

Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,  
Purpled with health, as in the greenwood-shade,  
Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground,  
And deftly lead the dance along the glade;  
(O may no showers your merry-makes affray!)  
Hail at the opening, at the closing day,  
All hail, ye Bonnibels, to your own season, May.

## XLV.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd-swains,  
But lend to dance and song the liberal May,  
And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,  
Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,  
Frisking in glee. To May your girlands bring,  
And ever and anon her praises sing :  
The woods shall echo May, with May the vallies  
ring.

## XLVI.

Your may-pole deck with flowery coronal;  
Sprinkle the flowery coronal with wine;  
And, in the nimble-footed galliard, all,  
Shepherds and shepherdesses lively join :  
Hither from village sweet and hamlet fair,  
From bordering cot and distant glenne repair :  
Let youth indulge its sport, to Eld bequeathe its  
care.

## XLVII.

Ye wanton Dryads, and light-tripping Fawns,  
Ye jolly Satyrs, full of lusty-head,  
And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns;  
O come with rural chaplets gay dispread !  
With heel so nimble wear the springing grass;  
To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brass,  
Or foot it to the reed : Pan pipes himself apace.

## XLVIII.

In this soft season, when creation smil'd,  
A quivering splendor on the ocean hung,  
And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,  
The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.  
The Dolphins gambol o'er the watery way,  
Carol the Naiads, while the Tritons play,  
And all the sea-green sisters bless the holy-day.

## XLIX.

In honor of her natal month, the Queen  
Of bliss and beauty consecrates her hours,  
Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,  
To buxom ladies, and their paramours.  
Love tips with golden alchemy his dart;  
With rapturous anguish, with an honey'd smart  
Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on  
heart.

## L.

A softly-swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd,  
(Myrtles to Venus algates sacred been)  
Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,  
For ever fragrant and for ever green,  
O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,  
By beauty form'd for amorous regale:  
Was ever hill so sweet as sweetest Acidale?

## LI.

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flowers,  
An hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow  
Thro' mossy grottos, amaranthine bowers,  
And form a laughing flood in vale below :  
Where oft their limbs the Loves and Graces bay,  
(When Summer sheds insufferable day)  
And sport, and dive, and flounce in wantonness of  
play.

## LII.

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,  
Save short-breath'd vows, the dear excess of joy ;  
Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,  
Who yield obeysance to the Cyprian boy :  
Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale ;  
Or fountain, gurgling down the sacred vale,  
Or hymn to beauty's queen, or lover's tender tale.

## LIII.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court  
In light festivity and gladsome game :  
The young and gay in frolic troops resort,  
Withouten censure, and withouten blame.  
In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,  
Night steals upon the day, the day on night :  
Each knight his lady loves, each lady loves her  
knight.

## LIV.

Where lives the man (if such a man there be)  
In idle wilderness or desert drear,  
To beauty's sacred power an enemy?  
Let foul fiends harrow him; I'll drop no tear.  
I deem that carl, by Beauty's power unmov'd,  
Hated of Heaven, of none but Hell approv'd:  
O may he never love! O never be belov'd!

## LV.

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!  
Unconscious of Love's nectar-tickling sting,  
And, unrelenting, cold to Beauty's ray;  
Beauty the mother and the child of Spring!  
Beauty and Wit declare the sexes even;  
Beauty to woman, Wit to man is given;  
Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of  
heaven.

## LVI.

Alliance sweet! let Beauty, Wit approve,  
As flowers to sunshine ope the ready breast:  
Wit Beauty loves, and nothing else can love:  
The best alone is grateful to the best.  
Perfection has no other parallel:  
Can light with darkness, doves with ravens dwell?  
As soon, perdie, shall heaven communion hold  
with hell.



## LVII.

I sing to you, who love alone for love :  
For gold the beauteous fools (O fools besure !)  
Can win ; tho' brighter wit shall never move :  
But folly is to wit the certain cure.  
Curs'd be the men, (or be they young or old)  
Curs'd be the women, who themselves have sold  
To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

## LVIII.

Not Julia such : she higher honor deem'd  
To languish in the Sulmo-Poet's arms,  
Than, by the Potentates of earth esteem'd,  
To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms.  
Not Laura such : in sweet Vauclusa's vale  
She listen'd to her Petrarch's amorous tale :  
But did poor Colin Clout o'er Rosalind prevail ?

## LIX.

Howe'er that be ; in Acidalian shade,  
Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day :  
No dreams of banishment his loves invade ;  
Encircled in eternity of May.  
Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclin'd  
On violets, gives sorrow to the wind :  
And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

## LX.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of th' Arcadian train,  
That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill :  
Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain !  
Of bliss and melody O take thy fill !  
Ne envy I, if dear Ianthe smile,  
Tho' low my numbers, and tho' rude my stile ;  
Ne quit for Acidale fair Albion's happy isle.

## LXI.

Come then, Ianthè ! milder than the Spring,  
And grateful as the rosy month of May,  
O come ; the birds the hymn of Nature sing,  
Inchanting-wild, from every bush and spray :  
Swell the green gems, and teem along the vine,  
A fragrant promise of the future wine,  
The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine !

## LXII.

Let us our steps direct where Father-Thames  
In silver windings draws his humid train,  
And pours, where-e'er he rolls his naval-streams,  
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.  
Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray ?  
(Ah why so long from Isis banks away !)  
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand  
shepherd's play.

## LXIII.

Or chuse you rather Theron's calm retreat,  
Embosom'd, Surry, in thy verdant vale,  
At once the Muses and the Graces seat !  
There gently listen to my faithful tale.  
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,  
Or taste the odors of the mazy grove :  
Hark how the turtles coo : I languish too with love.

## LXIV.

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,  
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast ;  
Nor falls of water, nor enamell'd greens,  
Can sooth my anguish, or invite to rest.  
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart  
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart :  
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

## LXV.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,  
Beneath this oaken umbrage let us lay,  
And from the water's crystal-bosom steal  
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey :  
The Perch, with purple speckled manifold ;  
The Eel, in silver labyrinth self-roll'd,  
And carp, all-burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly  
gold.

## LXVI.

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues  
And nature's pencil gay-diversified,  
(For now the sun has lick'd away the dews)  
Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like virgin-bride ?  
Thither (for they invite us) we'll repair,  
Collect and weave, whate'er is sweet and fair),  
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

## LXVII.

Fair is the lilly, clad in balmy snow ;  
Sweet is the rose, of spring the smiling eye ;  
Nipt by the winds, their heads the lillies bow ;  
Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and die.  
Tho' now in pride of youth and beauty drest,  
O think, Ianthé, cruel time lays waste  
The roses of the cheek, the lillies of the breast.

## LXVIII.

Weep not ; but, rather taught by this, improve  
The present freshness of thy springing prime :  
Bestow thy graces on the God of love,  
Too precious for the wither'd arms of Time.  
In chaste endearments, innocently gay,  
Ianthée ! now, now love thy spring away ;  
Ere cold October-blasts despoil the bloom of May.

## LXIX.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,  
With grateful diligence we wind our way ;  
What opening scenes our ravish'd senses fill,  
And wide their rural luxury display !  
Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots and  
    spires,  
Villas of learned clerks, and gentle squires ;  
The villa of a friend the eye-sight never tires.

## LXX.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I strung  
The gladsome lyre, when livelood swell'd my  
    veins,  
And Eden's nymphs and Isis' damsels sung  
In tender elegy, and pastoral strains ;  
Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bowers,  
O green his gardens ! O perfume his flowers !  
O bless his morning walks, and sooth his evening  
    hours !

## LXXI.

Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy  
The walks of Nature, still to virtue kind,  
For sacred solitude can never cloy  
The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind !  
O very long may Hymen's golden chain



To earth confine you and the rural-reign;  
Then soar, at length, to heaven! nor pray, O  
Muse, in vain!

LXXII.

Where-e'er the Muses haunt, or Poets muse,  
In solitary silence sweetly tir'd,  
Unloose thy bosom, May! thy stores effuse,  
Thy vernal stores, by Poets most desir'd,  
Of living fountain, of the woodbine-shade,  
Of Philomel, sweet warbling from the glade:  
Thy bounty, in his verse, shall certes be repaid.

LXXIII.

On Twit'nam bowers (Aonian-Twit'nam bowers!)  
Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,  
Thick as the winter stars, or summer flowers;  
Albè the tuneful master (ah!) be dead.  
To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,  
My reed to warble, to resound my string:  
The king of shepherds he, of poets he the king.

LXXIV.

Hail, happy scenes, where joy would chuse to dwell;  
Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;  
Hail music, which the Muses scant excell;  
Hail flowrets, not unworthy Venus' crown.  
Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales,

Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye gales,  
Ye ever-happy scenes ! all you, your Poet hails.

## LXXV.

All hail to thee, O May ! the crown of all !  
The recompence and glory of my song :  
Ne small the recompence, ne glory small,  
If gentle ladies, and the tuneful throng,  
With lover's myrtle, and with poet's bay  
Fairly bedight, approve the simple lay,  
And think on Thomalin whene'er they hail thee,  
May !

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POEM IX.

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A  
*FAREWELL HYMNE*

TO THE  
COUNTRY.

---

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF  
SPENSER'S EPITHALAMION.

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BY THE REV. R. POTTER.

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I.

SWEET poplar shade, whose trembling leaves among  
The cheereful birds delight to chaunt their laies;  
Where oft the linnet powres the dulcet song,  
And oft the thrilling thrush descanting plaies;  
Their tunes attempting to the silver Yare,  
Which gently murmurs here,  
A babbling brook; but swelling in his pride  
Sees two fam'd towns upon his bankes appeare,  
And the tall ships on his faire bosom ride;  
Indignant then rolls his prowde waves away,  
And fomes ore half the sea:  
Sweet stream, with shade refresht, orehung with  
bowres

Entrailed with the honied woodbine faire ;  
Where breathes the gentlest, softest, simplest aire  
Stealing fresh odors from the rising flowres,  
Joy of my calmer howres,  
O sooth me with thy murmurs whiles I sing ;  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## II.

With pleasance oft two silver swannes I view  
Pranking their silken plumes with conscious pride,  
A comely couplement of goodly hew,  
Come softly swimming down the crystal tide ;  
The crystal tide, resplendent as it may,  
Looks not so faire as they,  
Whether their snowie necks they love to lave,  
Or pluck with jettie bill in wanton play  
The yellow flowres that flote upon the wave ;  
Or sdeigne to tinge their plumage, lest they might  
Soyle their pure beauties bright ;  
But with slow pomp on the clear surface move.  
Sweet cygnets, whiter than the new-faln snow  
That silvers ore Thessalian Pindus brow ;  
Purer than those that draw the queen of love,  
Fayrer than Laeda's Jove,  
Tune your melodious voices whiles I sing ;  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## III.

Oft when the modest morn in purple drest,  
Wak'd by the lively larke's love-learned laye,

Unbars the golden light-gate of the east,  
And as a bridemaide leads the blushing daye ;  
The sunnes bright harbinger before her goes  
Scattering violet, scattering rose ;  
The jolly sunne, uprist with lusty pride,  
Shakes his fair amber locks, and round him throws  
His glitterand beams to wellcome up his bride ;  
Then bids his livery'd clouds before him flie,  
And daunces up the skie.  
Sweet is the breath of heaven with day-spring born ;  
Sweet are the flowres, that ore the damask meads  
To the new sunne unfold their velvet heads ;  
Sweet is the dewe, the spangled child of morn,  
That does the leaves adorn ;  
Sweet is the matin hymne the glad birds sing ;  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## IV.

With early step yon verdant slope I tread  
Crown'd with the florisht bowre of cremosin health ;  
Whence auntient Norwic rears her towred head,  
Norwic, fair nurse of industrie and wealth !  
Down in the dale my lowly hamlet lies,  
Where truth without disguise,  
Where dove-like peace, and virgin virtue where.  
Hence Bacon's villa greets my pleasur'd eyes ;  
Bacon to Phoebus and the Muses deare,  
Seeking, uncombred with the toyles of state,  
This grove-embosom'd seate.  
The tufted hill, the valley flowre-bedight,



The silver shinings of my winding Yare,  
The corn green-springing, and the fallows scare,  
The lambkins sporting round, rural delight,  
From hence enchaunt the sight,  
And wake the rural pipe, and tempt to sing ;  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## V.

Oft when the eve demure with dewy eye,  
Clad in a lengthned stole of raven-gray,  
Assumes the sober empire of the skye,  
The streakt west glimmering to the parting day;  
When golden Hesperus, forth-streaming bright,  
The leader of the night,  
Marshals his radiant troopes, and gives command  
In heaven's hie arch their lovely lamps to light ;  
Shouting he walks the Gideon of the band :  
When first the youthfull moon begins to show  
New-bent her blessed bow ;  
When, or uprising from her eastern bowre  
Full-orb'd she strives her glowing face to shroud,  
Gorgeously mantled in a lucid cloud ;  
Or all her beaming brightness deignes to powre  
The silver'd landskip o'er ;  
And shepherd swains their evening carrols sing ;  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring,

## VI.

Ore the new-shaven level green I rove,  
Where the fresh haycock breathes along the mead,  
Or wander thro' th' uncertain-shaded grove,

Or the trim margent of the river tread ;  
Where the soft murmurs of the poplars tall,  
To the streames liquid fall  
Attempted sweet, the museful mind delight ;  
Where the lone partridge to her mate does call,  
Responsive in his homeward-hasting flight ;  
Where the lowe quail with modulation bland  
Runnes piping ore the land ;  
Where, as I stray along the upland ground,  
The farre-off clock just trembles to my ear ;  
Where the mad citties louder mirth I hear,  
When swinging in full peal, a festive sound,  
The deep bells roar around :  
In mute attention hush'd I cease to sing ;  
Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.

## VII.

Now night's pale fires a peacefull influence shed,  
The flockes forget to bleat, the herds to low,  
Loosely along the grassie green dispred :  
The slumbring trees seem their tall tops to bow,  
Rocking the careless birds that on them nest  
To gentle, gentle rest ;  
Silent each one, save the lone nightingale,  
Of all the tuneful sisters sweetest, best ;  
She, soft musitian, thro' th' encharmed dale  
Powres dainty-dittied warbling to delight  
The stillness of the night.  
'Tis sacred thus to tread the dewy glade ;  
In the calme solitude of that still howre

To nature's God, the gratefull soul to powre  
Or in the silvery shine, or doubtfull shade  
By quivering branches made :  
Rapt with the aweful thought I cease to sing ;  
Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.

## VIII.

When flaming in the zenith of his powre,  
Darting directly down his fiery ray,  
The hotte sunne, leaving his meridian bowre,  
Enfevers with his beams the cloudlesse day ;  
The gadding herd from such a fervent skie  
To the cool thicket flie,  
Tormented with the bryzes teazefull sting ;  
Th' enduring sheep in th' hot sands panting lie ;  
The grasshoppers, blithe insects, daunce and sing ;  
The mower swart his sweeping scythe forsakes,  
The damzels quit their rakes,  
And seated where the freshing shade is found  
With joyous jolliment the daye beguile ;  
Sweet is the quaver'd laugh, the simper'd smile,  
When, as the tale or gamesome song goes round,  
The vocal vales resound ;  
Nor less to me, whiles I essay to sing,  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## IX.

Ye lordings great, that in prowde citties wonne,  
Which gently-cooling breezes never blesse ;

In gorgeous palaces with heat foredonne,  
Come here and envy at my littlenesse.  
All on a hanging hill, a simple home,  
For its small tenant roome,  
Safe-nested in the bosom of a grove,  
Where pride, and strife, and envie never come,  
Nor any cares, save the sweet cares of love :  
A little garden gives a cool retreat  
From the daies powrefull heat ;  
Where flowes my gentle Yare, whose bankes along  
Th' inwoven branches, like a girlond made,  
With wanton wreathing decke a daintie shade ;  
While the smooth watry glass, reflecting strong,  
With bending bankes, and shades respondent vies,  
Pointing to downward skies :  
Here in this soft enclosure whiles I sing,  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## X.

Here bountious nature, like a virgin faire,  
Whose ladie fingers deck the velvet green  
With cunning colourings of broidery rare  
Sweetly enterchang'd the varied shades atween,  
The grassie groundsoil, as a lovely bride,  
Hath richly beautifide,  
Strowing the primrose pale, the violet blew,  
The silver'd snow-drop, and the daisie pied,  
The crocus glistering in its golden hew,  
The cowslip drops of Amber weeping still,

The flaunting daffodil,  
The virgin lillie, and the modest rose,  
The prettie pink, the red and white yfere;  
Flowres of all hewes that paint the various yeare;  
And the mild zephyr, that emong them blows,  
Around sweet odors throws,  
Scenting the soft enclosure where I sing,  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## XI.

The chemist bee with busy murmurings  
Extracts the soul of sweetness from each flowre,  
Such as the Syracosian Thyrsis sings,  
All in the shadow of the shepherd's bowre;  
The stock-doves, darlings of the Mantuan swaine,  
In melting murmurs plaine;  
Sweet birds of such a swaine to be the care,  
The sootest he that ever chaunted straine,  
Or with the gladful pipe enthrald the ear;  
Him, as he sung, the graces dauncing round,  
With their own girlonds crown'd;  
The nymphes that haunt the river and the grove,  
Whether his skilful reed he sweetly charms,  
Or strikes the sounding lyre, and sings of arms,  
Apollo him, and him the Muses love  
Their own blest quire above:  
Ah! would they deigne their visits whiles I sing;  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.



## XII.

Here the poetic birds no fear molests :  
Did I, sweet tenants of my garden, say,  
With ruthlesse hand ere marre your prettie nests,  
Or steal th' unfeather'd innocence away ?  
For you my trees the spring's gay livery wear,  
For you the ripening year  
Purples the plum, in the deep cherrie glows,  
And tempers the rich honie of the pear ;  
For you the laughing vine with nectar flows ;  
For you the permain, comely to behold,  
Glows with irradiate gold,  
The burnisht bough vermilioning ; for you  
The mellow'd fruit beyond its time has hung ;  
Well have you paid me, for you well have sung.  
On nature's musick shall we not bestowe  
Gifts we to nature owe ?  
Fond of our fellow poets while they sing,  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## XIII.

An academic leisure here I find  
With learning's lore to discipline my youth ;  
By virtue's wholesome rules to form my mind,  
To seek and love the wise man's treasure, truth.  
Oft too thy hallow'd sons enthroned hie,  
O peerlesse poesie !  
Sounding great thoughts my raptur'd mind delight ;  
He first, the glorious child of libertie,

Maeonian Milton, beaming heavenly bright ;  
He who full fetously the tale ytold,  
The Kentish Tityrus old ;  
And he above the pride of greatness great,  
Sweet Cowley, with the gentlest spirit blest  
That ever breath'd a calme in humane brest ;  
Who the poor muses richest manor seat  
The garden's mild retreat,  
Wrapt in the arms of quiet lov'd to sing ;  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## XIV.

And he, forth-beaming thro' the mystic shade  
In all the might of magic sweetly strong ;  
Who steep'd in teares the pitious lines he made,  
The tenderest bard that ere empassion'd song :  
Or when of love's delights he cast to play,  
Couth deftly dight the lay ;  
And with gay girlonds goodly beautifide,  
Bound trew-love-wise to grace his bridale day,  
With dainty carrols hymn'd this happy bride ;  
Lov'd Spenser, of trew verse the well-spring sweet !  
The footing of whose feet  
I, painefull follower, assay to trace.  
Bring fayrest flowres, the purest lillies bring,  
With all the purple pride of all the spring ;  
And make great store of poses trim, to grace  
The prince of poets race ;  
And hymen, hymen, io hymen sing ;  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## XV.

Witness ye hills, and dales, and woods, and plains,  
Th' unmoved quiet of my silver daies,  
Free here from all the cares, and all the pains  
Whose storms do threat the citties dangerous waies :  
There falsing forgery, and foule defame,  
And lust of sclanderous blame ;  
There cancred tongues, school'd in th' ungracious art  
To blast the bloosme of a well-deemed name ;  
Their malice wonneth deep in hollow hart ;  
Ambition there and pride, the lies of life,  
Sleek guile, and carled strife :  
Away plain honestie of simple eye,  
And dove-like peace that calms the shepherd's day ;  
Away each science, and each muse away,  
And single truth, and sunne-bright honour flie :  
And lovely libertie :  
Here then, sweet shade, O shield me whiles I sing ;  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

## XVI.

Thus on his rustic reed the recklesse swaine,  
Smit with the peacefull joys of lowly life,  
The world's gay shews forgiving, charm'd the plaine,  
Withouten envie, and withouten strife :  
All on a knot-grass bank, ore arched hie  
With ivy-canopie,  
And with wild roses richly well inwove,  
He lay, and tun'd his rural minstrelsie ;

When, lo ! the favouring genius of the grove,  
Fair Physis nam'd, to his entranced sight  
Appeared heavenly bright :  
Loose her fine tresses flow'd, like golden wire,  
With budding flowrets perled all atween,  
And shaded with a daintie girlond green ;  
And aye in green she did herself attire :  
Beneath her feet in youthful rich array  
A voluntary May  
Threw sweets, threw flowres ; the birds more joyous  
sing ;  
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountains ring.

## XVII.

Then with a smile that brighten'd all the shade,  
Mild she bespoke, and deign'd to press his hand,  
Enough, fond youth, to Physis has been paid  
Break then thy rural pipe at her command :  
These woodnotes wild, this flowre-perfumed aire,  
And thy sweet-streaming yare  
Must charm no more ; no more the hallow'd cell,  
Where white-rob'd peace, and free-born fancy faire  
With sacred solitude delight to dwell.  
Wake then the spark of glorious great intent  
In action excellent  
That fires the noble-passion'd soul to shine :  
In all the depths of useful lore engage,  
To grace thy youth, and dignifie thine age :  
Ne ween that Physis bids those paths decline,  
For all those paths are mine.

Change then the straine ; to hill, to valley tell  
Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell.

## XVII.

But, ah ! beware ; for in this goodly chace  
A vile enchauntress spreads her vaine delights ;  
With guilefull semblants charming all that pass,  
Till she enslaved hath their feeble sprights :  
And sooth she is to view a lady faire,  
Of beauty past compare :  
And aye around her croud a gorgeous throng,  
Skill'd in the mincing step, the vestment rare,  
And the fine squeaking of an eunuch's song ;  
But sacred science, tender love, trew fame,  
And honor's heaven-born flame  
They know not ; yet the pompous name vertu  
To th' idle pageant give : she cruel prowde  
Deals magic charms among the carelesse crowd,  
And does them all to hideous apes transmew.  
But fear not thou the minion's magic pride,  
For Physis is thy guide :  
Come then : to hill, to dale this burden tell,  
Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell.

## XVIII.

To Cosme's polish'd court thy steps I'll lead,  
My sister she, tho' eft we strangers seem ;  
Far otherwise of us the wise aread,  
But follies feeble eyes of things misdeem.  
The straw-roof'd cott, the pastur'd mead I love,



The mavis-haunted grove,  
The moss-clad mountaine hoar, a rugged scene ;  
Along the streamlet's mazy margent rove,  
That sweetly steals the broken rocks atween :  
She thro' the manner'd cittie powres the flame  
Of high atchieved fame,  
The star-bright guerdon of the great and good ;  
And breathes her vivid spirit in the mind  
Whose generous aimes extend to all mankind,  
And vindicate the worth of noble blood ;  
Such as, in bowre Lycaean holding place,  
The man of Spargrove grace :  
Come then ; to hill, to dale this burden tell,  
Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell.

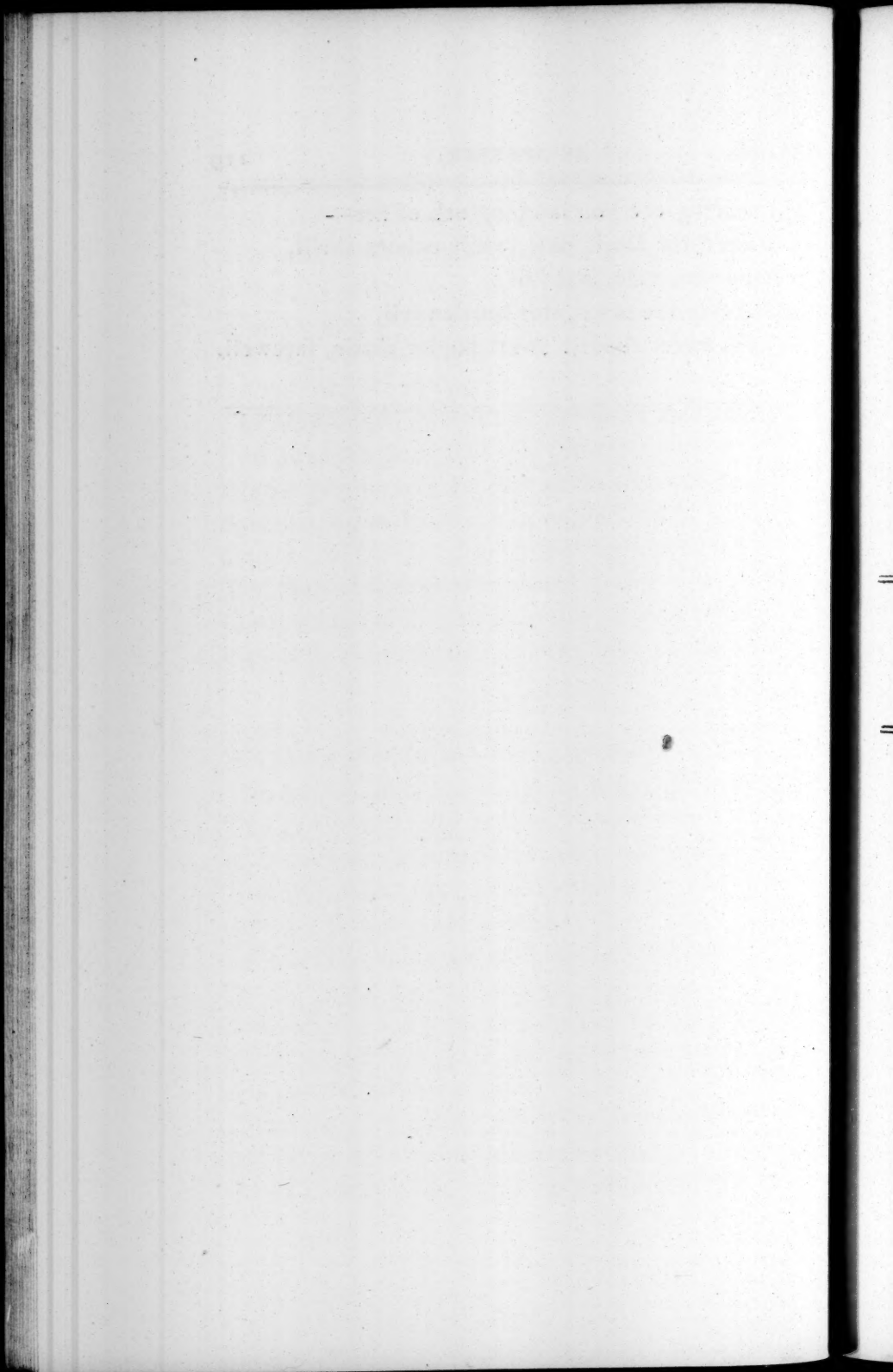
## XIX.

Als like a girlond her enring around  
The sphere-born Muses lyring heavenly strains ;  
The graces eke with bosoms all unzon'd,  
A trinal band that concord sweet maintains ;  
And who is she that, placed them atween,  
Seems a fourth grace I ween ?  
So looks the rubie pretious rare, enchaced  
In the bright crownet of a maiden queen.  
Each science too with verdant bay leaves graced,  
With honour brought from Attic land again,  
Adorns the radiant train.  
Come then, let nobler aimes thy soul inspire :  
But bring the cherub Innocence along,  
And Contemplation sage, on pineon strong

---

High-soaring ore yon lamping orb of fire—  
Thus pip'd the Doric oate, while echoes shrill,  
To fountaine, dale, and hill  
Resyllabbling the notes, this burden tell,  
Farewell, sweet shade : sweet poplar shade, farewell.

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POEMS

*IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.*

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POEMS  
*IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.*

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POEM I.

---

*PRE-EXISTENCE.*

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Has quoniam coeli nondum dignamur honore  
Quas dedimus certe terras habitare sinamus.

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Now had th' archangel trumpet, rais'd sublime  
Above the walls of Heav'n, begun to sound ;  
All aether took the blast, and Hell beneath  
Shook with the noise ; th' Almighty host  
Hot with pursuit, and reeking with the blood  
Of guilty Cherubs smear'd in sulphurous dust,  
Pause at the known command of sounding gold  
At first they close the wide Tartarean gates,  
Th' impenetrable folds on brazen hinge  
Roll creaking horrible ; the din beneath  
O'ercomes the roar of flames, and deafens hell.  
Then through the solid gloom with nimble wing  
They cut their shining traces up to light :  
Return'd upon the edge of heavenly day.  
Where thinnest beams play round the vast obscure,  
And with eternal gleam drive back the night.

They find the troops less stubborn, less involv'd  
In crime and ruin, barr'd the realms of peace,  
Yet uncondemn'd to baleful seats of woe,  
Doubtful and suppliant ; all the plumes of light  
Moult from their shuddering wings and sickly fear  
Shades every face with horror ; conscious guilt  
Rolls in the livid eye-ball, and each breast  
Shakes with the dread of future doom unknown.

'Tis here the wide circumference of heaven  
Opens in two vast gates, that inward turn  
Voluminous, on jasper columns hung  
By geometry divine : they ever glow  
With living sculptures, that arise by turns  
T'imboss the shining leaves, by turns they set  
To give succeeding argument their place ;  
In holy hieroglyphics on they move,  
The gaze of journeying angels, as they pass  
Oft looking back, and held in deep surprize.  
Here stood the troops distinct ; the cherub guard  
Unbarr'd the splendid gates, and in they roll  
Harmonious ; for a vocal spirit sits  
Within each hinge, and, as they onward drive,  
In just divisions breaks the numerous jarr  
With symphony melodious, such as spheres  
Involv'd in tenfold wreaths are said to sound.

Out flows a blaze of glory : for on high  
Tow'ring advanc'd the moving throne of God,  
Vast and majestic ; on each radiant side

The pointed rays slope glittering ; at the foot  
Glides a full tide of day, that onward pours,  
In liquid torrents through the black abyss,  
Sparkling among reluctant shapes which thence  
Retire confus'd ; as when Vesuvio shakes  
With inward torments, and disgorges flames,  
O'er the vast mountain's ridge the burning waves  
Drive their refulgent curls, and on they roll  
Sweeping the glowing plains down to the sea ;  
Th' affrighted sea leaps back with hideous roar  
To give the fire its course ; thus Chaos wild  
Hissing recoils to let in floods of light.

Above the throne, th' ideas heavenly bright  
Of past, of present, and of coming time  
Fix'd their immov'd abode, and there present  
An endless landscape of created things  
To sight celestial, where angelic eyes  
Are lost in prospect ; for the shiny range,  
Boundless and various, in its bosom bears  
Millions of full proportion'd worlds, beheld  
With stedfast eyes, till more arise to view,  
And farther inward scenes start up unknown.

Myriads of seraphs in long series wait  
About the throne, and as it moves, proceed  
In numerous order, to celestial song.  
Above, the symphony of mellow flutes,  
And harps, by flying angels gently touch'd,  
Relieve the trumpet's rage, and fitly blend

The solemn sounds in harmony divine ;  
Such as might tune new worlds, and give the laws  
To globes on high, and the just figure guide  
Of planets forming all their airy dance.  
Below, the blazing wheels drive bounding o'er  
The starry pavement ; stars and hills of light  
Double their glories where the chariot rolls  
With rattling sound ; and th'empyreaum vast  
Down to its stedfast axis, groans throughout  
Under the burning tracts, 'till now it rests  
Upon the gaping brink of heaven ; and there  
With open pomp, fills the vast empty space.

Silence ensues ; a deep and awful pause  
More terrible, all expectation held  
In horror ; now wrath imminent amaz'd  
With dreadful precipice, to all it seems,  
More formidable near ; then from the throne  
A vocal thunder roll'd the sense of God,  
Majestically long, repugnant all  
To princes' customs here ; their judgments flash  
On guilt, with words concise, and sudden blaze.  
Quite otherwise, the God's enlarged speech  
Set wide the fate of things ; that all around  
Might take full prospects of their coming doom.

Servants of God ! and Virtues great in arms ;  
We approve your faithful works, and you return  
Bless'd from the dire pursuit of rebel foes ;  
Resolv'd, oddurate, they have try'd the force

Of this right hand, and known Almighty pow'r;  
Transfix'd with lightning down they sunk, they fell  
Into the fiery gulf, and deep they plunge  
Below the burning waves, to hide their heads  
In shelter from my vengeance bellowing hence  
More fierce, and scorching with more dreadful fires.  
There let 'em find their doom, that durst defy  
Omnipotence, and slight his proffer'd grace:  
Rolling in flames, and ne'er to find a dawn  
Of heavenly day; instead, the mind imbibes  
Eternal gloom, and sing'd with constant flames,  
Can find no ease; while fierce their boiling rage  
Eats through th' imperial mould, and glows within  
With endless pain; not one repentant thought,  
Shall cool the breast, but proud in horrid crime,  
The soul anneals and hardens in the fire.

But you commission'd by commands divine,  
Have wisely fill'd your trust, and clos'd 'em all  
Within the fervid lake, lest any roam  
Into the dark abyss to shun their doom,  
And in the womb immense of things unborn  
Should seek annihilation; you must rise  
Among the shining Virtues more sublime;  
On lofty thrones preferr'd for lofty deeds.

For you, ye guilty throng! that lately join'd  
In this sedition, since seduc'd from good,  
And caught in trains of guile, by spirits malign,  
Superior in their order; you accept,



Trembling, my heavenly clemency and grace.  
When the long aera once has fill'd its orb,  
You shall emerge to light, and humbly here  
Again shall bow before his favouring throne,  
If your own virtue second my decree :  
But all must have their manes first below,  
So stands th' eternal fate, But smother yours  
Than what lost angels feel ; nor can our reign,  
Without just dooms, the peace of heav'n secure ;  
For forms celestial new erect in glory  
Would totter, dazzled with the heights of power,  
Did not the nerves of justice fix their sight.

See, where below in Chaos wond'rous deep  
A speck of light dawns forth, and thence throughout  
The shades, in many a wreath, my forming power  
There swift turns the burning eddy round,  
Absorbing all crude matter near its brink :  
Which next, with subtle motions, takes the form  
I please to stamp, the seed of infant worlds  
All now in embryo, but ere long shall rise  
Variously scatter'd in this vast expanse,  
Involv'd in winding orbs, until the brims  
Of outward circles brush the heavenly gates.  
The middle point a globe of curling fire  
Shall hold, which round it sheds its genial heat ;  
Where'er I kindle life the motion grows  
In all the endless orbs from this machine ;  
And infinite vicissitudes shall roll  
About the restless center ; for I rear,

In those meanders turn'd, a dusty ball,  
Deform'd all o'er with woods, whose shaggy tops  
Inclose eternal mists, and deadly damps  
Hover within their boughs, to choak the light ;  
Impervious scenes of horror, till reform'd  
To fields, and grassy dales, and flow'ry meads,  
By your continual pains. The torrid zone  
Here fries with constant heat the swarthy world :  
Parching the plains where hideous monsters glare,  
And dusty mountains, tumbled by the winds,  
Stretch their uncertain heaps ; no less the frost  
At either end shall rage, and high shall raise  
Firm promontories ; vast the ruins seem  
Of desert nature, and th' eternal piles  
Load all the dreary coast, and thick in ice,  
Arm either pole, that yearly peeps askance  
On coming light, but feels no gentle ray  
Unbind the frozen chain. Between these lie  
The changeful climes, alternately they burn,  
And chill again by turns ; for both extremes  
Make their incursions here : and this my will  
Unchangeable ordains your doleful seat.

Beneath mishapen Chaos, and the field  
Of fighting atoms, where hot, moist, and dry,  
Wage an eternal war with dismal roar ;  
The dismal roar breaks smoothly on the ground,  
Sacred to horror, and eternal night :  
Here Silence sits, whose visionary shape

In folds of wreathy mantling sinks obscure,  
And in dark fumes reclines his drowsy head ;  
An urn he holds, from whence a lake proceeds,  
Wide, flowing gently, smooth, and Lethe nam'd :  
Hither compell'd, each soul must drink long draughts  
Of those forgetful streams, till forms within,  
And all the great ideas fade and die :  
For if vast thought should play about a mind  
Inclos'd in flesh, and dragging cumbrous life,  
Flutt'ring and beating in the mournful cage,  
It soon would break its gates and wing away :  
'Tis therefore my decree, the soul return  
Naked from off this beach, and perfect blank,  
To visit the new world ; and straight to feel  
Itself, in crude consistence closely shut,  
The dreadful monument of just revenge ;  
Immur'd by heaven's own hand, and plac'd erect  
On fleeting matter, all imprison'd round  
With walls of clay : th' aetherial mould shall bear  
The chain of members, deafen'd with an ear,  
Blinded by eyes, and manacled in hands.  
Here anger, vast ambition, and disdain,  
And all the haughty movements, rise and fall,  
As storms of neighbouring atoms tear the soul ;  
And hope, and love, and all the calmer turns  
Of easy hours, in their gay gilded shapes,  
With sudden run, skim o'er deluded minds,  
As matter leads the dance ; but one desire,  
Unsatisfy'd, shall mar ten thousand joys.

The rank of beings, that shall first advance,  
Drink deep of human life ; and long shall stay  
On this great scene of cares. From all the rest,  
That longer for the destin'd body wait,  
Less penance I expect ; and short abode  
In those pale dreary kingdoms will content ;  
Each has his lamentable lot, and all,  
On different racks, abide the pains of life.

The pensive spirit takes the lonely grove :  
Nightly he visits all the silvan scenes,  
Where far remote, a melancholy moon  
Raising her head, serene and shorn of beams,  
Throws here and there her glimmerings through the  
trees,  
To make more awful darkness. Starry lights,  
Hung up on high, shed round 'em as they burn  
A pale sad influence ; and they gild the plains  
With doubtful rays, which strike within the shades  
A trembling lustre and uncertain light.

The sage shall haunt this solitary ground,  
And view the dismal landscape, limn'd within  
In horrid shades, mix'd with imperfect light.  
Here JUDGMENT, blinded by delusive SENSE,  
Contracted through the cranny of an eye,  
Shoots up faint languid beams, to that dark seat,  
Wherein the soul, bereav'd of native fire,  
Sits intricate, in misty clouds obscur'd,  
Ev'n from itself conceal'd, and there presides

O'er jarring images with Reason's sway,  
Which by his ordering more confounds their form;  
And by decisions more embroils the fray :  
The more he strives t' appease, the more he feels  
The struggling surges of the darksome void  
Impetuous, and the thick revolving thoughts  
Encount'ring thoughts, image on image turn'd,  
A Chaos of wild silence, where sometimes  
The clashing notions strike out casual light,  
Which soon must perish and be lost again  
In the thick darkness round it. Now, he tries  
With all his might to raise some weighty thought,  
Of me, of fate, or of th' eternal round,  
Which but recoils to crush the labouring mind.  
High are his reasonings, but the feeble clue  
Of fleeting images he draws in vain  
To wond'rous length ; (for still the turning maze  
Eludes his art) its end flies far away,  
And leaves him tracing round the toilsome path,  
Returning oft on the same beaten thought,  
For much of good he talks, and life serene,  
Of happiness deny'd, the dismal waste  
Of wisdom's privilege, and th' obdurate breast,  
Stubborn in anguish ; idle wisdom all,  
Weak sorcery to charm a real pain ;  
Distasting crowds and business, thus he seeks  
Diversion in himself, but with deep thoughts  
He kindles doubt ; and while he strives to blow  
The ashes off, revives the brand of care.



Hence far remov'd, a diff'rent noisy race  
In cities full and frequent take their seat,  
Where honour's crush'd, and gratitude oppress'd  
With swelling hopes of gain, that raise within  
A tempest, and, driven onward by success,  
Can find no bounds. For creatures of a day  
Stretch their wide cares to ages; full increase  
Starves the penurious soul, while empty sound  
Fills the ambitious; *that* shall ever shrink,  
Pining with endless cares, whilst *this* shall swell  
To tympany enormous. Bright in arms  
Here shines the hero, out he fiercely leads  
A martial throng, his instruments of rage,  
To fill the world with death, and thin mankind.  
Ambition drives, and round the world he roams.  
Marking his way with blood; the dreadful noise  
Begets a fame; and all the breath he leaves  
Is spent in his false praise, and vainly bloats  
The tyrant's soul; while high his kingdoms rise  
In fleeting pomp, hov'ring their gaudy wings  
Around the servile globe, that tamely bends  
Beneath his haughty reign; and all his slaves  
Under his yoke shall groan, and scarce shall groan  
Without a crime. Here torturing engines roar  
With human voice disguis'd; earth, water, fire,  
Are made (dire elements of cruelty!)  
Subservient to his lust, and power to kill:  
Yet shall the herd endure, nor dare to break  
United their imaginary chain;  
While their great monarch chills with equal fears,

No less a slave than they. Each rumour shakes  
The haughty purple, dark and cloudy cares  
Involve the awful throne, that stands erect,  
Balanc'd on the wild people's temper'd rage,  
And fortify'd with dangerous arts of power.  
But death shall shift those scenes of misery ;  
Then doubtful titles kindle up new wars,  
And urge on ling'ring fate ; the ensigns blaze  
About the camp, and drums and trumpets sound,  
Prepare a solemn way to griezly war ;  
Javelins and bearded spears in ghastly ranks  
Erect their shining heads, and round the field  
A harvest's seen of formidable death ;  
Then joins the horrid shock, whose bellowing burst  
Torments the shatter'd air, and drowns the groans  
Of men below that roll in certain death ;  
These are the mortal sports, the tragic plays  
By man himself embroil'd ; the dire debate  
Makes the waste desart seem serene and mild,  
Where savage nature in one common lies,  
By homely cots possess'd ; all squalid, wild,  
And despicably poor, they range the field,  
And feel their share of hunger, care, and pain,  
Cheated by flying prey ; and now they tear  
Their panting flesh ; and now with nails unclean  
They tug their shaggy beards ; and deeply quaff  
Of human woe, even when they rudely sip  
The flowing stream, or chew the savoury pulp  
Of nature's freshest viands ; fragrant fruits  
Enjoy'd with trembling, and in danger sought.

But where th' appointed limits of a law  
Fences the general safety of the world,  
No greater quiet reigns ; for wanton man,  
In giddy frolic, easily leaps o'er  
His own invented bounds ; hence rapine, fraud,  
Revenge, and lust, and all the hideous train  
Of nameless ills, distort the meagre mind  
To endless shapes of woe. Here misers mourn  
Departed gold, and their defrauded heirs  
Dire perjuries complain ; the blended loads  
Of punishment and crime deform the world,  
And give no rest to man ; with pangs and throes  
He enters on the stage ; prophetic tears  
And infant cries prelude his future woes ;  
And all is one continu'd scene of grief,  
Till the sad sable curtain falls in death.

But that last act shall in one moment close  
Of doubt and darkness ; pain shall crack the strings  
Of life decay'd ; no less the soul convuls'd,  
Trembles in anxious cares, and shuddering stands  
Afraid to leap into the opening gulf  
Of future fate, till all the banks of clay  
Fall from beneath his feet : in vain he grasps  
The shatter'd reeds that cheat his easy wish.  
Reason is now no more ; that narrow lamp  
(Which with its sickly fires would shoot its beams  
To distances unknown, and stretch its rays  
Askance my paths, in deepest darkness veil'd)  
Is sunk into his socket ; inly there

---

It burns a dismal light ; th' expiring flame  
Is choak'd in fumes, and parts in various doubt.

Then the gay glories of the living world  
Shall cast their empty varnish, and retire  
Out of his feeble view ; and rising shade  
Sit hov'ring o'er all nature's various face.  
Music shall cease, and instruments of joy  
Shall fail that sullen hour ; nor can the mind  
Attend their sounds, when fancies swim in death,  
Confus'd and crush'd with cares : for long shall seem  
The dreary road, and melancholy dark,  
That leads he knows not where. Here empty space  
Gapes horrible, and threatens to absorb  
All being : yonder sooty demons glare,  
And dolorous spectres grin ; the shapeless rout  
Of wild imagination dance and play  
Before his eyes obscure : till all in death  
Shall vanish, and the prisoner, now enlarg'd,  
Regains the flaming borders of the sky.

He ended. Peals of thunder rend the heavens,  
And Chaos, from the bottom turn'd, resounds  
The mighty clangor : All the heavenly host  
Approve the high decree, and loud they sing  
Eternal justice ; while the guilty troops,  
Sad with their doom, but sad without despair,  
Fall fluttering down to Lethe's lake, and there  
For penance, and the destin'd body, wait.

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POEM II.

---

*IL BELLICOSO.*

---

*BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON, M. A.*

M DCC XLIV.

---

HENCE! dull lethargic Peace,  
Born in some hoary Beadsman's cell obscure;  
Or in Circaean bowers,  
Where Manhood dies, and Reason's vigils cease;  
Hie to congenial climes,  
Where some seraglio's downy tyrant reigns;  
Or where Italian swains,  
'Midst wavy shades, and myrtle-blooming bowers,  
Lull their ambrosial hours,  
And deck with languid trills their tinkling rhymes.  
But rouse, thou God by Furies drest,  
In helm with Terror's plumed crest,  
In adamantine steel bedight,  
Glistening formidably bright,  
With step unfix'd and aspect mild;  
Jealous Juno's raging child,  
Who thee conceiv'd in Flora's bower,  
By touch of rare Olenian flower:



Oft the Goddess sigh'd in vain,  
Envyng Jove's prolific brain,  
And oft she stray'd Olympus round,  
Till this specific help she found ;  
Then fruitful grown, she quits the skies,  
To Thracia's sanguine plain she hies,  
There teems thee forth, of nervous mold,  
Haughty, furious, swift, and bold ;  
Names thee Mars, and bids thee call  
The world from Pleasures flowery thrall.  
Come then, Genius of the war,  
Roll me in thy iron car ;  
And while thy coursers pierce the sky,  
Breathing fury as they fly,  
Let courage hurry swift before,  
All stain'd around with purple gore,  
And Victory follow close behind,  
With wreath of palm and laurel join'd,  
While high above, fair Fame assumes  
Her place, and waves her eagle plumes.  
Then let the trumpet swell the note,  
Roaring rough thro' brazen throat;  
Let the drum sonorous beat,  
With thick vibrations hoarsely sweet ;  
Boxen hautboys too be found,  
Nor be miss'd the fifes shrill sound ;  
Nor yet the bagpipe's swelling strain,  
Solace sweet to Highland swain.  
Whether on some mountain's brow,  
Now squeaking high, now droning low,

He plays deft lilts to Scottish lass  
Tripping it o'er the pliant grass ;  
Or whether in the battle's fray,  
He lively pipes a bolder lay ;  
The bolder lay (such magic reigns  
In all its moving Phrygian strains)  
Disperses swift to all the train  
Fury stern, and pale disdain  
Strikes every fire from every mind,  
Nor leaves one latent spark behind.  
Bear me now to tented ground,  
Where gaudy streamers wave around,  
Where Britain's ensigns high displayed,  
Lend the earth a crimson shade ;  
And pikes, and spears, and lances gay,  
Glitter in the solar ray ;  
Here I'll join the hardy crowd,  
As they sport in gamesome mood,  
Wrestling on the circled ground,  
Wreathing limbs with limbs around ;  
Or as they pitch the massy bar ;  
Or teach the disk to whizz in air ;  
And when night returns, regale  
With chat full blunt and chirping ale ;  
While some voice of manly base  
Sings my darling Chevy-Chace ;  
How the child that's yet unborn  
May rue earl Percy's hound and horn ;  
How Witherington in doleful dumps,  
Fought right valiant on his stumps ;

And many a knight and 'squire full gay  
At morn, at night were clad in clay ;  
While first and last we join and sing,  
" God prosper long our noble king !"  
And when midnight spreads around  
Her sable vestments on the ground,  
Hence I'll, for a studious seat,  
To some strong citadel retreat ;  
By ditch and rampart high ypent,  
And battery strong, and battlement !  
There, in some state-room richly dight  
With mailly coats and faulchions bright,  
Emblazon'd shields of quaint impress,  
And a whole army's glittering dress,  
While the taper burneth blue,  
(As Brutus' erst was wont to do)  
Let me turn the ample page  
Of some grave historic Sage,  
Or in Homer's sacred song  
Mix the Grecian Bards among ;  
Nestor wise with silver'd head,  
And Ajax stern, and Diomed,  
And many more, whose wonderous might  
Could equal e'en the Gods in fight ;  
Or list to Virgil's epic lyre,  
Or lofty Lucan wrapt in fire ;  
But rather far let Shakspeare's Muse  
Her genuine British fires diffuse ;  
And briskly with her magic strain  
Hurry me to Gallic plain,

Just when each patriot Talbot bleeds ;  
Or when heaven-prosper'd Harry leads  
His troops with seven-fold courage steel'd,  
To Agincourt's immortal field.  
But when th' embattled troops advance,  
O Mars, my every thought entrance !  
Guide me, thundering, martial God.  
Guide thro Glory's arduous road !  
While hailing bullets round me fly,  
And human thunders shake the sky,  
While crowds of heroes heap the ground,  
And dying groans are heard around,  
With armor clanking, clarions sounding,  
Cannons bellowing, shouts rebounding ;  
Guide me, thundering, martial god,  
Guide through Glory's arduous road !  
But should on land thy triumphs cease,  
Still lead me far from hated Peace ;  
Me bear, dread Power, for warlike sport,  
To some wave-incircled fort ;  
Or (if it yield more open sight) /  
To some hoar promontory's height,  
Whose eye arch'd brow o'erlooks the scene,  
Where Tritons blue and Naiads green,  
Sportive from their coral cave,  
Through the fluid chrystal lave :  
There eagerly I ken from far  
All the waste of naval war,  
And catch a sympathetic rage,  
While the numerous fruits engage,

And every distant shore rebounds  
To the cannons' rattling sounds,  
And the sulphurous fire-ship rends,  
And thousand fates around her sends,  
And limbs dissever'd hurl'd on high,  
Smoke amid th' affrighted sky.  
Then let black clouds above my head,  
With gleams of scarlet thick be spread,  
With lightning's flash and thunder's growl,  
Suit the spleen that shades my soul.  
There too let cranes, a numerous flight,  
With beaks and claws rage bloody fight,  
And airy knights from every cloud  
Prick forth, their armor rattling loud ;  
With blazing swords and comets drear,  
Dragging a trail of flaming hair ;  
Such as diffus'd their baneful gleam  
Over besieg'd Jerusalem,  
Or hung o'er Rome ere Julius fell,  
And if old Sages rightly spell,  
Were ever deemed to foreshow  
Changes in our realms below.

And when at length cold creeping Age  
Freezes the torrent of my rage,  
Let me live amongst a crew  
Of invalids, of kindred hue !  
Of some main limb bereft by War,  
Or blest with some deep glorious scar ;  
Scar, that endless glory draws



From Liberty and Albion's cause :  
Then oft well pleas'd with them retire  
To circle round a sea-coal fire,  
And all our past campaigns recite,  
Of Vigo's sack, and Blenheim's fight ;  
How valiant Rooke majestic trod,  
How Marlbro' thunder'd half a God !  
And then, with sage prophetic eye,  
In future battles to descry,  
That Britain shall not fail to yield  
Equal generals for the field ;  
That France again shall pour her blood,  
And Danube roll a purpled flood.

And when my children round me throng,  
The same grand theme shall grace my tongue ;  
To teach them, should fair England need  
Their blood, 'tis theirs to wish to bleed ;  
And, as I speak, to mark with joy  
New courage start in every boy ;  
And gladsome read in all their eyes,  
Each will a future hero rise.  
These delights if Mars afford,  
Mars, with thee I whet my sword.

---

POEM III.

---

*IL PACIFICO.*

---

WRITTEN ON THE CONCLUSION OF THE PEACE OF  
*AIX-LA-CHAPELLE,*  
MDCCXLVIII.

*By the Same.*

---

HENCE ! pestilential Mars,  
Of sable-vested Night and Chaos bred,  
On Matter's formless bed,  
Mid the harsh din of elemental jars :  
Hence with thy frantic crowd,  
Wing'd Flight, pale Terror, Discord cloath'd in  
fire,  
Precipitate retire ;  
While mad Bellona cracks her snaky thong,  
And hurries headlong on,  
To Achron's brink and Phlegethon's flaming flood.  
But hail, fair Peace ! so mild and meek,  
With polish'd brow and rosy cheek ;  
That on thy fleece-white cloud descending,  
Hither, soft-ey'd queen, art tending,  
Gently o'er thy favorite land  
To wave thy genial myrtle wand :

To shake from off thy turtle wing  
Th' ambrosial dews of endless spring :  
Spring, like that, which poets feign  
Gilded Saturn's easy reign :  
For Saturn's first-born daughter thou ;  
Unless, as later bards avow,  
The youthful God with spangled hair  
Closely clasp'd Harmonia fair :  
For, banish'd erst heaven's star-pav'd floor,  
(As sings my legendary lore)  
As Phoebus sat by weeping brook,  
With shepherd's scrip and shepherd's crook,  
Pensive 'midst a savage train  
(For savage then was all the plain)  
Fair Harmonia left her bower,  
To join her radiant paramour :  
Hence didst thou spring: and at thy birth  
Lenient Zephyrs fan'd the earth,  
Rumbling thunders growl'd no more,  
Prowling wolves forgot to roar.  
And man from fiercer rage possest,  
Smil'd dissension from his breast.  
She comes, she comes, ye nymphs prepare,  
Gay floral wreaths to bind your hair ;  
Ye swains, inspire the mellow flute  
To dulcet strains, which aptly suit  
The featly-footed saraband  
Of Phillis trim and Marian bland,  
When nimbly light each simpering lass  
Trips it o'er the pliant grass.

But see, her social smiling train  
Now invests th' inraptur'd plain !  
Plenty's treasure-teeming horn  
Show'rs its fruits, its flowers, its corn ;  
Commerce spreads his amplest sail ;  
Strong-nerv'd Labor lifts his flail ;  
Sylvanus too attends ('tis he  
That bears the root-pluck'd cypress tree)  
He shall my youngling footsteps lead  
Thro' tufted lawn and fringed mead,  
By scooped valley, heaped hill,  
Level river, dancing rill,  
Where the shepherds all appear,  
To sheer and wash their fleecy care,  
Which bleating stand the streams around,  
And whiten all the close-cropt ground :  
Or when the maids in bonnets sheen,  
Cock the hay upon the green ;  
Or up yon steep rough road the swains  
Drive slow along their rolling wains  
(Where laughing Ceres crowns the stack,  
And makes the ponderous axle crack)  
Then to the village on the hill,  
The barn's capacious jaws to fill,  
Where the answering flails rebound,  
Beating bold with thundering sound.  
Enchanted with this rural scene,  
Here let me weave my arb'rets green ;  
Here arch the woodbine, mantling neat,  
O'er my noon-tide cool retreat ;

Or bind the oak with ivy-twine ;  
Or wed the elm and purpling vine.  
But if my vagrant fancy pants  
For charms, which simple nature wants,  
Grant, Power benign, admittance free  
To some rang'd academy :  
There to give to arts refin'd  
All the impulse of my mind :  
And oft observant take my stand,  
Where the painter's magic hand  
From sketches rude, with gradual art,  
Calls dawning life to every part,  
Till, with nice tints all labor'd high,  
Each starting hero meets the eye ;  
Oft too, O ! let me nice inspect  
The draughts of justest architect :  
And hence delighted let me pass,  
Where others mould the ductile brass ;  
Or teach the Parian stone to wear  
A letter'd Sage's musing air,  
But ah ! these arts have fix'd their home  
In Roman or in Gallic dome  
Tho' strange beseems, that arts shou'd spread  
Where frowns black Slavery's baleful shade :  
And stranger far that arts decay  
Where Freedom deals her warmest ray.  
This then deny'd, I'll swift retreat,  
Where Camus winds with murmur sweet :  
There teach me, piercing Locke, t' explore



The busy mind's ideal store ;  
There, heaven-rapt Newton, guide my way  
'Mid rolling worlds, thro' floods of day.  
To mark the vagrant comet's road,  
And thro' his wonders trace the God,  
Then, to unbend my mind, I'll roam  
Amidst the cloysters silent gloom ;  
Or, where rank'd oaks their shade diffuse,  
Hold dalliance with my darling Muse,  
Recalling oft some heaven-born strain.  
That warbled in Augustan reign ;  
Or turn well pleas'd the Grecian page,  
If sweet Theocritus engage,  
Or blith Anacreon, mirthful wight,  
Carol his easy love-lay light.  
Yet let not all my pleasure lie  
Confin'd to one Phoebeian joy ;  
But ever give my fingers wings,  
Lightly to skim the trembling strings,  
And from some bower to tune the lay ;  
While list'ning birds crowd every spray,  
Or hovering silent o'er my head,  
Their quivering wings exulting spread ;  
Save but the turtles, they alone,  
With tender plaintive faithful moan,  
Shall tell, to all the secret grove,  
Their sott thick-warbled tale of love :  
Sweet birds ! your mingling bliss pursuing,  
Ever billing, ever cooing,  
Ye constant pair ! I love to note

---

Your hoarse strain gurgling in your throat;  
And ye unheard from sidelong hills  
The liquid lapse of whispering rills,  
I hie to hear: such sounds diffuse  
Sweet transports to the thoughtful Muse.  
Thus summer sees me brisk and light,  
'Till winter spreads her 'kerchief white;  
Then to the cities social walls  
Where tolling clock to business calls.  
There the weaver's shuttle speeds  
Nimbly through the fine-spun threads:  
There the vocal anvil rings,  
While the smith his hammer swings:  
And every man and every boy,  
Briskly join in warm employ,  
Thro' such throng'd scenes full oft I'll range,  
Oft crowd into the rich exchange:  
Or to yon wharf; aside the moat,  
Where the anchor'd ships do float,  
And others hastening into bay,  
Swell their sails in fair array:  
Wafting to Albion's sons the store  
That each Peruvian mine can pour;  
Wafting to Albion's smiling dames  
The ruby's glow, the diamond's flames,  
Till all the Indies rush into the Thames.  
Joys vast as these my fancy claims;  
And joys like these if Peace inspire,  
Peace, with thee I string the lyre.

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POEM IV.

---

*L'AMOROSO.*

---

BY, THE REV. MR. P.

---

HENCE ! unrelenting Cares,  
That haunt the proud, and rend the miser's breast,  
And far expel delightful rest,  
And bring disquiet, sleepless nights, and starting  
fears ;

Hence ! and that mind controul,  
Where sickly Pining takes her hated seat,  
With Grief and Dread ; companions meet :  
There, far from me, exert thine iron sway,  
And every tedious night and day  
Reign o'er the heart, and occupy the soul.  
But come, thou Goddess, fond and free,  
Auspicious Love, and dwell with me,  
Thou whom, with thy wreathed shell,  
Old Ocean bore (as Poets tell)  
While round thee, beauteous, blooming Maid,  
Deftly the frisking dolphins play'd.  
Come, and bring thy wanton Boy,  
Cause of fondness, source of joy,

And bid him take that golden dart,  
That erst transfix'd Apollo's heart,  
When, with full force and winged speed,  
O'er tufted lawn, and flowery mead,  
Now slow, with long toil, up some steep,  
Now down precipitately deep,  
Thro' many a grove, and many a glade,  
The God pursued the flying Maid.  
Bring besides thy joyous Train,  
Soft supporters of thy reign,  
Wanton Smiles, Endearments charming,  
Mirth and Coyness unalarming,  
Whispers, Kisses, Sighs, and Fears,  
Lovely Looks and trickling Tears,  
Joy of festive, sprightly mien,  
And Innocence of look serene ;  
Thy smiling Train can never cloy,  
If led by Innocence and Joy.  
Permit me, Goddess, fond and free,  
To join with them, and join with thee ;  
Ever present, ever by,  
Thus let me live, thus let me die.  
Rise we when the meek-eyed morn  
Doth the spangled meads adorn ;  
When every bird, from every spray,  
Tunes various his love-labour'd lay.  
Lo ! from yon cloud the flaming sun  
'Gins his stated course to run,  
Brightening rays incessant streaming,  
Dew-drops sparkling, twinkling, beaming,

Refreshed Nature smiles anew,  
And brings her brightest charms to view.  
On Delia thinking will I stray,  
Heedless, where I chuse the way,  
Over distant hills and dales,  
Bleating mountains, lowing vales ;  
By silent river, rolling flood,  
Fringed meadow, waving wood,  
Where Flora does her sweets dispense,  
And different prospects please the sense.  
While sturdy oxen, grazing nigh,  
With loud lowings fill the sky ;  
And the swallow skims the ground,  
And the lambkin bleateth round,  
And many a cuckow's echoing note  
Wavering to the ear doth float.  
Such pleasing sounds and sights inspire  
Glowing love and soft desire.  
Sweet hour of pleasure ! then, to chuse,  
Breathe the soft strain, and court the Muse,  
Fairest Delia be my theme,  
By some whispering, silver stream,  
That thro' the painted meads doth stray,  
And swiftly trickling winds away.  
And when the sun, exalted high,  
Fierce-glowing, measures half the sky ;  
Oft, oh ! my Delia, will we rove  
Along some close-embowred grove—  
Oh ! the soft joys that fill the breast !  
(Joys, the sweetest and the best)



When, by all-powerful Love excited,  
Each delighting, each delighted,  
We sit within some thick-wove bower  
Full fragrant made by many a flower !  
With thrilling pleasure I the while  
Eye the kind glance, or dimpling smile ;  
Or oft, in sweet suspension hung,  
Catch the music of her tongue,  
Else in sweet notes briskly moving,  
Airy, fluttering, wild, and roving,  
Thrice and four times, and again  
Both chaunt to Love the pleasing strain.  
Or if the garden's flowery pride  
Call our vagrant steps aside,  
Here unnumber'd charms invite,  
Roses red, and lillies white ;  
Here, 'mid blooming fragrance straying,  
Sweetly smiling, fondly playing,  
Oft my willing hands prepare  
Odorous garlands for my Fair,  
And mix, around the Charmer's head,  
The lilly's white, the rose's red :  
While Love inspires each warbler's throat,  
Smooths the strain, or swells the note,  
All around, and all above,  
All is Joy, for all is Love.

But when the cooling evening breeze  
Moves gently the reluctant trees,  
Then will we oft-times stray unseen

By winding walks of willows green,  
And there the charms of music prove,  
For music is the food of love:  
Inspiring oft the warbling flute,  
Now with complaining strains that suit  
The vexed thoughts and barbed care  
Of fixed, sullen, deep Despair;  
Now more luxuriant strains employ,  
Quickening Love, and brightening Joy;  
Such as might the soul beguile,  
And make disturbed sorrow smile;  
Now the music varying floats,  
Then stops: anon more still the notes,  
Smooth and languid, soft and low,  
Tender, trilling, sweet and slow,  
Keep on the long-continued sound,  
And charm attention all around.  
Strait my breast hath caught new pleasures,  
Throbs my pulse in fluttering measures,  
Grief defeated and retiring,  
Joys my raptur'd heart inspiring,  
While my whole soul, devoid of care,  
Hangs all-enamour'd on the Fair,  
And she, well-pleas'd, my looks surveys,  
And plays and smiles, and smiles and plays.

When night's brown shades invite to rest,  
And nature sinks by sleep oppress,  
Then too, oh let me fond repair  
To flowery meadows with my Fair,

Let mimic Fancy paint her charms,  
And bring my Angel to my arms,  
Let us together secret stray ;  
And all the night react the day.

Auspicious Goddess, fond and free,  
Bestow these pleasures all on me,  
(for sure these pleasures thou canst give,)  
And, Love, with thee I'll chuse to live.

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POEM V.

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THE  
*APPROACH OF SUMMER.*

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HENCE, iron-scepter'd Winter, haste  
To bleak Siberian waste !  
Haste to thy polar solitude ;  
'Mid cataracts of ice,  
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments  
rude,  
From many an airy precipice,  
Where, ever beat by sleety showers,  
Thy gloomy Gothic castle towers ;  
Amid whose howling isles and halls,  
Were no gay sun-beam paints the walls,  
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud  
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.

Ev'n now, before the vernal heat,  
Sullen I see thy Train retreat :  
Thy ruthless Host stern Eurus guides,  
That on a ravenous tyger rides,  
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shewn,  
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown :  
Grim Auster, dropping all with dew,  
In mantle clad of watchet hue :

And Cold, like Zemblan savage seen,  
Still threatening with his arrows keen ;  
And next, in furry coat embost  
With icicles, his brother Frost.

Winter, Farewell ! thy forests hoar,  
Thy frozen floods delight no more ;  
Farewell the fields so bare and wild,  
But come thou rose-cheek'd Cherub mild,  
Sweetest summer ! haste thee here,  
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.  
Thee April blithe, as long of yore,  
Bermudas' lawns he frolic'd o'er,  
With musky nectar-trickling wing,  
(In the new world's first dawning spring,  
To gather balm of choicest dews,  
And patterns fair of various hues,  
With which to paint in changeful dye,  
The youthful earth's embroidery ;  
To cull the essence of rich smells,  
In which to dip his new-born bells ;  
There, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,  
He found an infant, smiling sweet ;  
Where a tall citron's shade imbrown'd  
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.  
There on an amaranthine bed,  
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed ;  
Till soon beneath his forming care,  
You look'd a Goddess debonair ;  
And then he gave the blessed Isle,



Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile :  
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,  
With myrtle bower'd and jessamine :  
And to thy care the task assign'd  
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,  
His roseate infant-births to rear,  
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.

Haste thee, Nymph! and hand-in-hand  
With thee lead a buxom Band ;  
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,  
With Sport, that yellow-tressed boy.  
Leisure, that thro' the balmy sky  
Chases a crimson butterfly.  
Bring Health, that loves in early dawn  
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn ;  
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,  
Meek cottage-loving shepherdess!  
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,  
Light, and for ever on the wing.  
Bring the dear Muse, that loves to lean  
On river margins, mossy green,  
But who is she that bears thy train,  
Pacing light the velvet plain ?  
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,  
Her tresses flow with pastoral air ;  
'Tis May, the Grace—confest she stands  
By branch of hawthorn in her hands :  
Lo! near her trip the lightsome dews,  
Their wings all ting'd in Iris-hues ;

With whom the Powers of Flora play,  
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest Queen,  
Has drest the groves in livery green,  
When in each fair and fertile field  
Beauty begins her bower to build ;  
While Evening, veil'd in shadows brown,  
Puts her matron-mantle on,  
And mists in spreading streams convey  
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay ;  
Then, Goddess guide my pilgrim feet  
Contemplation hoar to meet,  
As slow he winds in museful mood,  
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood ;  
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,  
Whence Shakspeare cull'd the spiky sedge,  
All playful yet, in years unripe,  
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.  
There thro' the dusk but dimly seen,  
Sweet evening objects intervene :  
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,  
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chaunts.  
The woodman, speeding home, awhile  
Rests him at a shady stile.  
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense  
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense ;  
Nor tangled woodbines' balmy bloom,  
Nor grass besprent, to breathe perfume !

Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet  
To bathe in dew my roving feet :  
Nor want there notes of Philomel,  
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell :  
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,  
Nor mastiffs bark from bosom'd cot :  
Rustle the breezes lightly borne  
O'er deep-embattled ears of corn :  
Round ancient elm with humming noise,  
Full loud the chaffer-swarm rejoice.  
Meantime a thousand dies invest  
The ruby chambers of the west !  
That all aslant the village tower  
A mild reflected radiance pour,  
While, with the level-streaming rays  
Far seem its arched windows blaze :  
And the tall grove's green top is dight  
In russet tints, and gleams of light :  
So that the gay scene by degrees  
Bathes my blithe heart in extasies ;  
And Fancy to my ravish'd sight  
Pourtrays her kindred visions bright.  
At length the parting light subdues  
My soften'd soul to calmer views,  
And fainter shapes of pensive Joy,  
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,  
Till from the path I fondly stray  
In musings lapt, nor heed the way ;  
Wandering thro' the landscape still,  
Till Melancholy has her fill ;

And on each moss-wove border damp,  
The glow-worm hangs her fairy lamp.

But when the Sun at noon-tide hour,  
Sits throned in his highest tower ;  
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddess lead,  
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead :  
To mix in rural mood among  
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng ;  
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,  
The russet piles to lean beneath :  
There as my listless limbs are thrown  
On couch more soft than palace down,  
I listen to the busy sound  
Of mirth and toil that hums around ?  
And see thee team shrill-tinkling pass  
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-shower,  
When the bright sun's returning power,  
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,  
And chear'd reviving Nature's form ;  
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,  
Let me my wholesome path pursue :  
There issuing forth the frequent snail  
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,  
While as I walk, from pearly bush  
The sunny sparkling drop I brush,  
And all the landscape fair I view  
Clad in robe of fresher hue :

And so loud the black-bird sings,  
That far and near the valley rings.  
From shelter deep of shaggy rock  
The shepherd drives his joyful flock ;  
From bowering beech the mower blithe  
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe ;  
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads  
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever, against restless heat,  
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,  
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak  
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock ;  
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,  
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone ;  
Which as they gush upon the ground,  
Still scatter misty dews around :  
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,  
Its side with mantling woodbines wove ;  
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,  
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells ;  
Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan sleeps  
In hoar Lycaeum's piny steeps.

Me, Goddess, in such cavern lay,  
While all without is scorch'd in day ;  
Sore sighs the weary swain beneath  
His withering hawthorn on the heath ;  
The drooping hedger wishes eve,  
In vain, of labour short reprieve !



Mean time on Afric's glowing sands,  
Smote with keen heat the traveller stands:  
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye  
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,  
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,  
Where Thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.  
How does he wish some cooling wave  
To slake his lips, or limbs to lave!  
And thinks in every whisper low.  
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,  
Dim temple of sage Solitude!  
There within a nook most dark,  
Where none my musing mood may mark,  
Let me, in many a whisper'd rite,  
The Genius old of Greece invite,  
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,  
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,  
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,  
On clear Ilyssus' laureat shore—  
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,  
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale  
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,  
Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,  
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:  
In the midst, with sedges grey  
Crown'd, a scant rivulet winds its way.

And trembling through the weedy wreaths,  
Around an easy freshness breathes.  
O'er the solitary green,  
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen :  
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,  
Save that by fits an heifer lows,  
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage  
To rear him a lone hermitage ;  
Fit place his pensive eld might chuse  
On Virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease  
Some more romantic scene might please ;  
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,  
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn :  
Or bower, in Vallambrosa's shade,  
By legendary pens pourtray'd.  
Haste, let me shroud from painful light,  
On that hoar hill's aerial height,  
In solemn state, where waving wide,  
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide  
The rugged vaults, and riven towers  
Of that proud castle's painted bowers,  
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,  
In Scotland's martial days of old,  
Descended from the stately feast,  
Begirt with many a warrior-guest,  
To quell the pride of Norway's king,  
With quivering lance and twanging string.  
As thro' the caverns dim I wind,

Might I that holy legend find,  
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,  
To teach enquiring later times,  
What open force, or secret guile,  
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole  
First issues from her eastern goal ;  
Let not my dew feet fail to climb  
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,  
Whence Nature's universal face  
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace ;  
The misty streams that wind below,  
With silver-sparkling lustre glow ;  
The groves and castled cliffs appear  
Invested all in radiance clear ;  
O ! every village-charm beneath !  
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath !  
O beauteous, rural interchange !  
The simple spire and elmy grange !  
Content, indulging blissful hours,  
Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers,  
And cattle rous'd to pasture new,  
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,  
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild :  
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes  
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,  
What fires within my bosom wake,

How glows my mind the reed to take !  
What charms like thine the Muse can call,  
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all ;  
With whom each field 's a paradise,  
And all the globe a bower of bliss !  
With thee conversing, all the day,  
I meditate my lightsome lay.  
These pedant cloysters let me leave  
To breathe my votive song at eve,  
In valleys where mild whispers use ;  
Of shade and stream to court the Muse ;  
While wandering o'er the brook's dim verge,  
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,  
And age shall give the tresses hoar,  
I'd fly soft Luxury's marble dome,  
And make an humble thatch my home,  
Which sloping hills around enclose,  
Where many a beech and brown oak grows ;  
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers  
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours :  
By Nature's beauties taught to please,  
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease !  
Still grot of Peace ! in lowly shed  
Who loves to rest her gentle head.  
For not the scenes of Attic art  
Can comfort care, or soothe the heart :  
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,  
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heaven, in pity lent,  
Send me a little and content ;  
The faithful friend, and chearful night,  
The social scene of dear delight :  
The conscience pure, the temper gay,  
The musing eve, and idle day.  
Give me beneath cool shades to sit,  
Rapt with the charms of classic wit :  
To catch the bold heroic flame,  
That built immortal Graecia's fame.  
Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise  
The solemn song to Britain's praise :  
To spurn the shepherds's simple reeds,  
And paint heroic ancient deeds :  
To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magic tale,  
And Edward, stern in sable mail.  
Or wandering Brutus' lawless doom,  
Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet Poesie,  
Let me live true votary !  
She shall lead me by the hand,  
Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland !  
She from her precious stores shall shed  
Ambrosial flowrets o'er my head :  
She, from my tender youthful cheek  
Can wipe with lenient finger meek,  
The secret and unpitied tear,  
Which still I drop in darkness drear.



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She shall be my blooming bride,  
With her, as years successive glide,  
I'll hold divinest dalliance,  
For ever rapt in holy trance.

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# NOTES

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ON

POEMS

IMITATIVE OF SPENSER;  
AND, IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

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## POEM I.

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Page 4. *HER mantle wimpled—*] *Wimpled*. A word used by Spenser for *hung down*. The line inclosed within comma's is one of Fairfax's in his Translation of *Tasso*.

4. ————— *Dreary-head*] Gloominess.

*ib.* ————— *Hardy-head.*] Courage.

## POEM II.

Page 19. *Your names adorn'd in Gilpin's polish'd page,  
With each historic grace, shall shine thro'  
ev'ry age.*] The Rev. William Gilpin, author of the lives of Bernard Gilpin, and Bishop Latimer, and of the lives of Wicliff, and the principal of his followers.

*ib.* *Yet when the dragon in the deep abyss*] See Revelation, chap. xx. and the learned and ingenious Bi-

shop of Bristol's comment upon it, in the 3d vol. of his Dissertation on the Prophecies.

### POEM III.

*Page 21.* The Author of this Poem was of Hertford College, Oxford, where he took his master's degree in 1743, and died in 1768.

### POEM V.

*Page 42.* This Poem, written by the celebrated Author of Phaedra and Hippolytus, was first published in 1751.

44. *What meanes that monstrous man, which Babel's King]* Alluding to some of the visions, and allegories in the Old Testament.

45. *Nor did he only turn the sacred page]* Alluding to his travels into the Eastern Parts.

### POEM VI.

*Page 49.* The particulars of his brother's shipwreck are thus related by the late Dr. Cuming of Dorchester. Mr. A. Cuming was first supercargo of the Suecia, a Sweedish East-India ship, which was wrecked on a rock about two miles East of the island of North Ronalsha, the northernmost of the Orkney islands, Nov. 18, 1740. Immediately on the ship's striking, Mr. Cuming went off in the barge, accompanied by the surgeon and six of the boldest seamen, in order to discover what the island was, but were

never more heard of. Thirty-one of the sailors were saved out of a hundred, the ship's compliment.

The Author of this and several other Poems of merit was one of sixteen children, and the son of Joseph Boyse, a Dissenting minister of Dublin, well known for his controversial writings with Archbishop King, and his orthodox persecution of the excellent Emlyn. Samuel, born in 1708, after receiving his grammatical education in Dublin, was sent at eighteen to the college at Glasgow, where, marrying before he was twenty, he returned to Dublin, and by his extravagant conduct, impoverished his father. Quitting again the place of his nativity, to which he had rendered himself a disgrace, he returned to Scotland, and in 1731, published at Edinburgh a volume of Poems, which procured him reputation, an introduction to the Great, and a recommendation to Pope from the Dutchess of Gordon. Of the latter, however he never availed himself. As he depended for subsistence on his pen, it must be expected that his productions would be more numerous than excellent. One however in particular deserves to be mentioned, *viz.* THE DEITY, which was recommended by Fielding in Tom Jones, and handsomely spoken of by Mr. Pope. The vices of the Author being such as to reduce him to the extremity of want, it became his practice, after having pawned his clothes for the sake of pampering his appetite, to sit up in bed with his arms through the blankets and thus procure the necessaries of life. In this situation, holding a

a pen, this unhappy man was found dead at his lodgings in Shoe-lane, where he was buried in 1749, at the Parish expence.

50. *Patience*—] The first allegorical figure introduced, is here represented as the daughter of *Necessity*, or *Lachesis*, one of the three Destinies. B.

51. *We found ourselves on Thulé's sky-girt coast :*] *Thulé* is here taken for the *Orkney* Isles. B.

*ib.* ——— *Silence*———] The second allegorical person, and sister of *Patience*. B.

54. *We left bleak Shetland's shadowy hills behind,*] The pinnacle was probably driven into the Great Ocean that lies to the westward of the Isles of *Orkney* and *Shetland*, where it perished. B.

56. *Low lay the prospect of the bleating isle*] The *Faroe* Isles, subject to *Denmark*. See *Bede's Description* of them. B.

57. *Till, as into his clean abode we went,*  
*Kind Patience whisper'd me our host was call'd*  
*Content.*] The third allegorical figure introduced. B.

59. *And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme,*] The inhabitants of all these northern isles observe the custom of singing over the dead. B.

60. *A spotless grave, where never mortal lay !*] *Virgin*.

## POEM VII.

*Page 63. At Alcon's grave I drop a pious tear ;*] The late *Mr. Thompson*.



## GLOSSARY.

|                                   |                                   |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Aggrate, <i>please</i>            | Leman, <i>lover</i>               |
| Albe, <i>altho'</i>               | Lusty-head, <i>vigor</i>          |
| Arraught, <i>reach'd</i>          | Muchel, <i>sorrow</i>             |
| Bays, <i>bathes</i>               | Prow, <i>hardy, valiant</i>       |
| Bale, <i>sorrow</i>               | Quite, <i>requite</i>             |
| Culvers, <i>doves</i>             | Ramping, <i>starting, flying-</i> |
| Drapet, <i>a linen cloth</i>      | <i>out</i>                        |
| Dearling, <i>darling</i>          | Rechless, <i>careless</i>         |
| Dolorous, <i>anguish, pain</i>    | Salew, <i>salute</i>              |
| Eft, <i>often</i>                 | Snubby, <i>knotty</i>             |
| Ensue, <i>follow</i>              | Wareless, <i>stupidified</i>      |
| Eremites, <i>hermit</i>           | Wend, <i>go</i>                   |
| Gyres, <i>circles or windings</i> | Wreakful, <i>revengeful</i>       |

## POEM VIII.

*Page 80. Where Leda's twins, forth from their diamond tower,*

*Alternate o'er the night their beams divide,]* Castor and Pollux.

*ib. The Powers of Poetry and Wisdom dwell;]* The Gemini are supposed to preside over learned men. See Pontanus in his beautiful Poem called Urania. lib. ii. de Geminis.

*ib. And deem fair Isis' swans fair as their father-god.]* Jupiter deceived Leda in the shape of a swan as she was bathing herself in the river Eurotas.

83. *All as the Phoenix, in Arabian skies,  
New burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,  
At large, in roseal undulation, flies;*] Pliny tells us, lib. xi. That the Phoenix is about the bigness of an eagle: the feathers round the neck shining like gold, the body of a purple colour, the tail blue with feathers resembling roses. See Claudian's fine poem on that subject, and an elegant translation of it by Mr. Tickell in the first vol. of the Poetical Calendar, p. 42. See also Marcellus Donatus, who has a short dissertation on the Phoenix in his observations on Tacitus. Annal. lib. vi.

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THE END.



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